THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXII.

NO. 3104. JAN. 2, 1904.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXXX.

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THE NOVELS OF MR. HENRY JAMES.*

They have a novelist with pretensions to literature, who writes about the chase for the husband and the adventures of the rich Americans in our corrupt old Europe, where their primeval candor puts the Europeans to shame. *C'est proprement écrit;* but it's terribly pale. ("The Point of View.")

These words are imputed, by the ingenious "novelist with pretensions," in an early tale of his own, to an imaginary Frenchman travelling in the States. They give a true if a jaunty account of the theme to which Mr. Henry James devoted himself, with an almost constant affection, between 1876 and 1888. By that theme the larger public still know and define him; they seldom read without some perplexity the books which he has written from 1892 onwards, and wherein he has come to his own. "Roderick Hudson" and "Daisy Miller," "The American" and "The Portrait of a Lady"—we do not name them to slight them; we know them; they are domesticated pleasures of old standing; but, above all, they explain their successors, and in their light we read the later, more enigmatical, sometimes murkier stories, which the critics either let off with general empty praise, or handle with suspicion like some strange fruit that might appear on a familiar tree. It is really the same fruit enriched by new graftings. "The adventures of the rich Americans in our corrupt old Europe" are revived, with a difference, in the masterpiece of last year, "The Wings of the Dove," which would thus justify, if need were, those earlier experiments. The author has travelled far; but he is the same man, the same puritan, half-escaped, who made "The Portrait of a Lady," the deepest work of his earlier life. He is not a cosmopolitan even yet; he never was one. He is better; he understands other countries, but does not adopt them; for his last heroine, the "Dove," is the soul of New England, his own country.

On the threshold of that earlier time, Mr. Henry James hung out several clues to the temper in which he wrote. The "Essays on French Poets and Novelists" (1878) show a certain recoil

* "Roderick Hudson" (1876). "The American" (1877). "The Portrait of a Lady" (1881). "The Aspern Papers" (1888). "The Two Magics" (1898). "What Maisie Knew" (1898). "The Sacred Fount" (1901). "The Wings of the Dove" (1902). "The Better Sort" (1903). "The Ambassadors" (in progress, 1903).

from the models, like Balzac or Flaubert, who were then still in the ascendant. He was hardly just to Balzac then, missing in him, perhaps, the still small voice, and preferring the fine and recondite class of artist, to which he himself belongs, before the hearty and assertive creators. There was much in Tourgénieff, on whom he wrote with zeal, to quicken the congenial talent of Mr. James; the sad reserve, the pessimism, the delicacy; and the interest in heartbreaking, ineffectual persons, like Dimitri Rudin or Roderick Hudson. We have no right to say that Mr. James was much affected by George Eliot; but he was writing during her full vogue, and shared with her in a certain atmosphere, perhaps at first familiar to him in his own land. The weight of distressed and severe scruple is felt in his early tales. Osmond, the egoist and alleged fine gentleman in "The Portrait of a Lady," who fetters and torments a generous wife, is of the race of Grandcourt in "Daniel Deronda." The wife, Isabel, instead of accepting the fierce offers of her American suitor, who is at least a man, goes back, though childless and untrammelled, to the conventional life of wifely duty and misery. It may be in keeping that she should do so, but the author seems to approve. And Mr. James loved, like the Russian, to close his scene in discord and failure. "The American," Newman, robbed of his French bride by the caste-rancor of her family, sees his revenge, but sees it is not worth while to take it, and finds at the last that his enemies had all the while counted on his good nature not to take it. This kind of ending, which baffles men at the last moment by some malign turn of fortune, was to become characteristic of Mr. James, for he is fond of the cruel slip between the cup and the lip.

Moreover, he stands with the writers we have named by virtue of the emphasis he lays on women and of his keen feminine insight, if we may so call it, into men. Some of his young girls are painted in our memories beside Helena and Lisa. Often, while we see only the actions of the men, we are told the feelings of the women, or, at least, of the good ones. Several of the stories are narrated by a girl or spinster, or by some nondescript, rather felinely observant man of letters, who understands things that are hid from the virile. And there is nearly always passion. In the early books that of the men is intimated rather as it presents itself to the women, while that of the women seems more deeply felt. Such distinguishing marks continue into the later tales, transformed in coloring. But along with this special sort of analysis went the higher prevailing mood in the middle Victorian years—the mood of George Eliot, of Browning, and even, in his slighter fashion, of Tennyson. They and their aims were noble; and their nobleness informs their best work, while it cannot save the rest. Not on any time in our literature has the national stamp of moral vigor been so clearly printed. It was a century of preachers, and we are only now turning round to ask what, after all, they said. Their praise has been inscribed by Mr. James in words he wrote after the death of Browning:—

> He played with the curious and the special; they never submerged him, and it was a sign of his robustness that he could play till the end. His voice sounds loudest, and also clearest, for the things that, as a race, we like best . . . the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries, the endurance of its charges, the vitality of the will, the validity of character, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of great human passion.

Such, we may say, was the clear

charter of Mr. Henry James himself for the first fifteen years of his artistic life. He was too true a craftsman to let idealism jar his hand. He never, as some do, rushed in a black coat upon the stage amongst his own actors in order to harangue the house with what the age of Addison called "the Sentiments." But the idealizing spirit is there, and it finds somewhat simple expression. There is a conflict in nearly every story; and it is not merely waged between American and European, the latter usually preying on the wealth and simplicity of the former. We are almost led back to religious parlance in describing it. It is the conflict of complication and corruption with what is simple, single-hearted, and fresh. The world and the spirit are at odds; the intricate world, with its deeps of old energy, so much more telling and resourceful than its victim, full of swagger and color, and craft and will; and the spirit, in some frail or quaint, but brave embodiment, relying only on itself. "Lady Barbarina" is a dumbly stubborn, almost malign, English girl of rank who carries back her New York husband in his own despite from his country to live among her aristocratic friends. Daisy Miller is deliberately exposed to fatal malaria by the little Italian suitor who has no hope of winning her. Isabel Osmond is married for her money and utilized. In "The Europeans" the theme is pleasingly varied: the dull-eyed Gertrude, alien in mind, follows her foreign cousin and husband away for ever from her charming, rectilineal home. But in most cases love and hope are defeated either by evil or by circumstance—by conspiracy, or the unfitness of the object, or prejudice. The struggle, therefore, lies rather between persons than within characters, and there is no perturbation of the sympathies. Indeed, there is a touch of emphasis about the adventuresses and hard old women which makes them stand out in a rather suspicious brightness beside the quiet and lucid truth of the American portraits.

If Mr. Henry James had ceased to write about 1890, he might have been remembered for his choice of this fresh, distinct plot of ground, for his happy and varied cultivation of it. The flowers were a little "pale," but full of tender, clear color, unlike any others. There was humor; and the pages were full of a softly stinging wit. The English was that of the easy classical tradition, a little chequered, as befitted the scene, with the French and American tongues. It was careful; it flowed and did not stick; it did not first of all try to express embroiled feeling or imperceptible changes of temperature. In a few pieces, like "The Aspern Papers" (1888), the style might have seemed more tense, and the subject bizarre and a little ghostly. But few would have forecast this as the future field of the novelist. "The Princess Casamassima," with its wonderful opening scene of tragic rage, wandered into some extravagance. These were experiments; the account might seem to have been closed.

But the century wore out, and over our fiction there came the breath of a stranger temper, different from that of the gallant Victorian crusaders. It was natural that no writer of English should be quicker than Mr. James to feel any artistic current from the mainland that might tardily wash our shores. And, in fact, amongst his later books we find ourselves in presence of the much-talked-of "decadence," of the mood that speaks so variously in the "Master-Builder" and "Jude the Obscure," in "Pelléas and Mélisande" and "Là-Bas." Many are the dialects, but we feel there is one fundamental idiom, which the literary historian must seek to state hereafter, just as he is now trying to state that of "realism"

or of the older romance. We are still in the "decadence," and can see little more than the confusions of the term. It might mean the decay of plastic power at large; but art is hardly at present suffering from that. It may mean a failure of largeness and nobleness in the treatment, a decline of spiritual energy; but no one can seriously ascribe such a failure to Maeterlinck or Sudermann, or, we may add, to Mr. Henry James. Lastly, "decadence" may imply a love of subjects which are aloof from the general lot of man, of dark and confused moral issues, of the study of problematic or twisted natures, in contrast with the daily and usual; in a word, it implies the temper of the specialist. Much literature now written has these marks; but then "decadence" is not the term to use; for there is only a fresh lease, a diversion, a different concentration of talent. Donne was not a decadent; he was a renewer and explorer. And so in the case of Mr. Henry James, the question is in what ways the new temper has come to tinge his expression, or to deepen and restate the relatively simple issues that once engrossed him.

During the last twelve years Mr. James has printed some fifty or sixty stories, of which seven or eight are long enough to be called books. They are not all equally significant; some of them tease the reader more than he deserves. But there is no monotony; the design is different and peculiar in each, deriving from some curious and cruel knot that has never been tied before. The rigid intellect is always at exercise, though at times upon matter all but impalpable. With all the surface intricacy that is produced by a web of fine threads intently complicated, the texture is firm as well as dense. Strength of passionate situation, always with a certain oddity, an intense curiosity for rare cases, is everywhere present. Sometimes the passion is softened into the mood of high comedy, but it is never far away. "Lord Beaupré," a rich young heir, in order to stave off the pursuit of a fortune-hunting girl, gets his friendly cousin to consent to a mock engagement between them. The tensions and delicacies of the position all come out; the cousin is kept all the more by this very device, in pure modesty, from showing her real heart to Lord Beaupré. She accepts an American; Lord Beaupré falls to the fortune-hunter. The style adopted for this kind of tale (1893), light, fine, and sensitive, is not very different from that of 1876; the full change in the author's style has come during the last five or six years—the change to an instrument of registration, still more responsive; parenthetical, colloquial, elliptical, unpopular, full of new difficult music, that repays while it taxes the ear.

The stories of Mr. James are liable to raise an obscure discomfort in the English reader, resembling that caused by want of air. They are tales of the private life only; men of our race are not quite easy under that limitation. Across the page of Tourgénieff, of Balzac, of George Eliot, of George Meredith, of Stendhal, there blows the wind of historic events and national aspirations. Reading them, we think of the liberation of the serfs, of 1848, of the Reform Bill, of Mazzini and Italy, of Waterloo, of the world's destinies. But for the characters of Mr. James no such things exist; there is a void, a darkness that can be felt, surrounding their particular lot. We have no right to complain of such an exclusion, though we want sometimes to open a window and hear the clamor of the bigger life. What is odder in an artist and thinker, the world of art and thought is hardly to be detected at all in these novels. Mr. James's painters and men of letters are merely ticketed as such; they never say anything to

show it, or get out of their personal affairs into the region that they are supposed to speak for. They are mostly illustrations of failure; they die before they have expressed themselves, they work for the profit of others—perhaps of publishers. We are told that they are really eminent, but the interest is, in fact, centred on some one by their side who admires them or suffers for them.

On the other hand, the able editors, small pressmen, journalizing ladies lunching in bun-shops, and reporting Americans, dance across the microscopic "field," and are lively creatures indeed; never yet so deftly captured by any collector for exhibition. Innocent or shady Bohemia, sinking down to penury and silence, or clambering up into the recognized classes; wealth that is just outside those classes, but wishes to enter them on the strength of having beauty to offer; the stable, placid, English orders themselves, in their country houses, on their lawns, with possibilities of woe and excruciation there also; the routes of travel, the great capitals, Venice, Paris, Rome, New York, serving as the background for these same persons on their voyages; and London, to which they all return; London, whose murmur is caught again and again, as a kind of tragic refrain to the curious chant; over all this world Mr. Henry James moves with practised step, knowing quickly where he wishes to arrive, and wasting no time on what he does not know. His essay on our great city, written some while since, gives us the stage on which many of his romances are unfolded. Lovers of the poetry of London and of the heavy London spring, with the fumes that rise from the earth into the brain amid a chorus of innumerable wheels and horsehoofs; those who feel her landscape, who hear the rhythm of her call to her children, offering them both the best and the worst—such will know that her setting of dim noise and her canopy of softening mist, with the sense of infinite life—thrown back, though, and not intruding—just serve to relieve and enhance these peculiar dramas, so personal, so remote from the ordinary, and for that very reason possible nowhere but in the heart of the place where all things happen;

> Chronicle at once
> And burial-place of passions, and their home
> Imperial, their chief living residence.

The natural heart of London is the parks, with their "smutted sheep" and grassy distances; and the parks often are the scene of drama. Here, in the northern alleys, with life moving breathlessly between them, Kate Croy and her lover, in "The Wings of the Dove," pace together full of hope and defiance, to exchange their vows:

> Suddenly she said to him with extraordinary beauty: "I engage myself to you for ever."
>
> The beauty was in everything, and he could have separated nothing—couldn't have thought of her face as distinct from the whole joy. Yet her face had a new light. "And I pledge you—I call God to witness!—every spark of my faith; I give you every drop of my life." That was all, for the moment, but it was enough, and it was almost as quiet as if it were nothing. They were in the open air, in an alley of the Gardens; the great space, which seemed to arch just then higher and spread wider for them, threw them back into deep concentration (p. 80).

The tide of actual life is beating there. But, on the other hand, the gift and scope of pure fantasy in this countryman and student of Hawthorne have hardly had proper recognition. Mr. Henry James has perfected a certain kind of preternatural story. The use of the uncanny for sharp and light satire is well shown in "The Private

Life." A distinguished writer is introduced, who is oddly common and second-rate in society, so that his friends wonder how his books are written. But there are really two persons: the other is the hidden familiar, genius or double, who writes the books and who plays hide-and-seek with his earthly companion in a style that even the observant can never quite bring home to either. Beside the man of letters, moreover, there is another personage—a man of the world—who is composed of nothing but infinite tact, a social leader who never says anything in particular, but always the right thing. But it is only in society that he has even a physical existence; when he is alone he goes out. He is virtually a hallucination on the part of other people. His wife has her suspicions of this rather perplexing attribute of nonentity, and tries to fend off inquiry. The supernatural is only a symbol here; we have all known such persons, or something like them. But in "Sir Edmund Orme" there is an actual ghost, haunting the woman who has wronged him during life, and threatening to repeat the same curse upon her daughter if she repeats her mother's fickleness. The daughter just escapes incurring both the blame and the curse.

Mr. James has put far more force into "The Turn of the Screw," one of the hideous stories of our language. Is any limitation placed on the choice of an artist by the mere measure of the pain he inflicts upon the nerves? If not, then the subject is admissible. It is a tale where sinister and spectral powers are shown spoiling and daunting the innocence of the young. There might at first sight seem something wanton in the ruthless fancy—in the reinvasion of our life by the dead butler Peter Quint and his paramour; in the struggle with these visitants for the souls of the two young and beautiful children, a little boy and a little girl, whom in life they have already influenced; in the doubt, raised and kept hanging, whether, after all, the two ghosts, who can choose to whom they will appear, are facts or delusions of the young governess who tells the story; and in the final defeat of hope by the boy's death just at the moment when he may perhaps be saved. But on reflection we see that all this is the work of a symbolist and a puritan. The ghosts play their part in the bodily sphere as terifying *dramatis personæ*—neither substance nor shadow—but *there*, as Gorgon faces at the window; while, spiritually, they figure as the survival of the poison, which, living, they had sown in the breasts of the innocents. When this influence reawakens, the earthly form of the sowers gathers visible shape, at once as symbol and as actual combatant. The full effect is won by Mr. James's gift, already adverted to, of speaking in the name of women. The whole visitation comes to us through its effect on the nerves, its stimulus to the courage, of the young English lady who desperately shelters the children unaided. The effect is heightened by the distrust with which others regard her story, and the aversion to her inspired by the ghosts in the children themselves.

Mr. Henry James is skilled in the feat of drawing children or very young persons, either prematurely oppressed by tragedy or otherwise abnormally alive. The more we think, the less we feel that he is attracted by the mere pathology of such cases. But he once more recalls Tourgénieff by his strained acuteness of hearing for the quickenings, the forebodings, and the half-aware discoveries of the tender mind, during its morning twilight, as the walls of life loom and close about it, in their oppressive tyranny, too soon. Like Tourgénieff, he conveys these things by the method of reticence, by omissions, pauses, economies, rests in the talk,

and speaking silences. There are, however, more ways than one of reticence in literature. In his "First Love" Tourgénieff illustrates one of them; it is the reticence, the silence of startled Nature herself retreating to her fastnesses in the mind of the boy.

Mr. James is possibly too prone to mystify by scattering restless hints and practising elaborate steps in order at once to hide and express what is brutally simple. In "What Maisie Knew" there is something too much of that. Maisie is a little girl who has to spend half the year with each of two parents, who justly detest each other and are equally at fault in the eye of the law. The question "what she knew," to which the answer soon appears to be "everything," is happily resolved into the question how she shall escape; and the solution for once is not mere discomfiture. In "The Awkward Age" there is just as much to "know"; and known it certainly is. We are glad this particular interest does not detain such an artist long, for it is not illimitable, though it gives curious chances to his gift. In the gay, clean-cut, sad little anecdote of "The Pupil," the effect is less sinister. A family, who just struggle to be presentable and flit impecuniously over Europe, find a tutor, a poor collegian, for their boy, who is charming, precocious, and delicate. They trade on the tutor's love for the boy in order to defer the question of salary. The child sees everything, and dies just as he is hoping to escape with his friend. There is the sting of real life in this, and it is much better as a short story; for the endless folds and doublings of analysis in some of the longer books demand a specially-trained attention, like a scientific pursuit, and fatigue it like a race in a labyrinth. Mr. James, we fear, loses more readers by this peculiarity than by anything.

In some of these sketches Mr. James crosses the border between the serious comedy of manners and high tragedy. "The Beast in the Jungle," issued lately in the collection called "The Better Sort," might easily have been matter for some dramatic monologue of Browning. It contains, perhaps, the nearest thing in all his prose to a great and superb "bravura" passage. He tries rarely—too rarely—for such effects; language always responds to him when he does try. A man is haunted by the fear of some unnamed disaster, or unknown harm, leaping on him out of his own nature—out of the "jungle"; and he seeks the good and friendly offices of a woman to listen to him and comfort him. He is wrapped up in himself, and does not see until she is dead that she has loved him. Over her grave he finds it out, and he discovers also, in the face of a passing mourner—a stranger—what the tragic loss of love once enjoyed may really mean. He sees that the beast has leapt upon him indeed, in the form he least suspected. It is clear how the conception of tragic futility, which has been present to Mr. Henry James ever since his first sketches, remains, in a sense, the same; and with what an extraordinary transformation! Let us be thankful for the "decadence" that brings these gifts. And it has also to be said that the happier and more peaceful tones of poetry are not absent. "The Altar of the Dead," but for not being dramatic in form, is like a pensive play of M. Maeterlinck in its unencumbered impulse towards beauty. "The Great Good Place" is a kind of cloisteral dream-refuge for the tired artist from the clatter of London, a house of the fancy, whence all that jars or wearies or sterilizes is resolutely banished. The soft rhythm of the prose makes us wish for more of this kind, even to the loss of the stories of a few "trivial sphinxes" and adventuresses:—

The fragrance of flowers just wandered through the void, and the quiet recurrence of delicate plain fare in a high, clean refectory where the soundless, simple service was the triumph of art. That, as he analyzed, remained the constant explanation: all the sweetness and serenity were created, calculated things. He analyzed, however, but in a desultory way and with a positive delight in the residuum of mystery that made for the great artist in the background the innermost shrine of the idol of a temple; there were odd moments for it, mild meditations when, in the broad cloister of peace or some garden-nook where the air was light, a special glimpse of beauty and reminder of felicity, seemed, in passing, to hover and linger. ("The Better Sort.")

Again, in "The Sacred Fount" (1901), so full of faint, mazy figures that the superscription might have been "Come like shadows, so depart!" a single scene is left surely on the mind—a summer garden at evening, with a desolate feminine shape sitting in its useless perfume and silence.

Each of the larger novels published since 1895, "The Other House," "The Spoils of Poynton," and "The Awkward Age," would be worthy of studious review. It is curious how the passion for the scenery of the English country house and "grounds" recurs in them, as in the delightful "Covering End." But the fresh gifts, the motives, the newly-modulated style that they reveal are all more perfectly apparent in "The Wings of the Dove," the most remarkable book that Mr. James has written. It has been relatively little noticed amid the mart of dreadfully competent fiction. But, wherever it has penetrated, it is likely, after the manner of certain plays of Ibsen, to leave a long wake of disputation, partly over the question as to what actually happens in the story, and partly about the rights and wrongs of the solution. Hence a fuller analysis may be pardoned; for the book resumes so much that went before in the author's production, and intensifies so sharply the changes in his temper, that to know "The Wings of the Dove" is to know much of Mr. Henry James. He has gone back to his old topic of the rich American in Europe; and the contending parties have, in a sense, the same symbolism as before. The world and the spirit are afresh in conflict on the trodden battle-ground. But the arts of war, offensive and defensive, have been transformed in the interval; there are forces in the air that were unknown to the Osmonds and Madame Merles of an earlier day. And—chief alteration of all—the sympathies are entangled with both sides. The puritan dualism, so to call it, of the older books is greatly blunted; and the artist, borne along by his own discoveries, comes to bend his intensest and finest light upon the arch-conspirator, who nearly supplants her intended victim in tragic and intellectual interest. Moreover, there is no sharp solution by the sword of justice, moral or poetical. It belongs, also, to the movement of our time—which, as Matthew Arnold well said, is a "lay" one—that nothing could be more wholly of this life, without hint or doctrine of a second world, than the tales of Mr. James. Very seldom, with a still questioning irony, something else seems to be indicated. The dove-like heroine dies, and the event is canvassed by a worldly old lady and the man who might have been her husband.

"Our dear dove, then, as Kate calls her, has folded her wonderful wings."

"Yes—folded them."

It rather racked him, but he tried to receive it as she intended, and she evidently took his formal assent for self-control. "Unless it's more true," she accordingly added, "that she has spread them the wider."

He again but formally assented, though, strangely enough, the words

fitted an image deep in his own consciousness. "Rather, yes—spread them the wider."

"For a flight, I trust, to some happiness greater——"

"Exactly. Greater," Densher broke in; but now with a look, he feared, that did, a little, warn her off (p. 538).

But this is to forestall the history itself, which tells of a fray unprecedented enough.

The world first! The tale opens in the back, shady regions—surely on the south side of the Thames—where Mr. George Gissing moves so easily, knowing them as a man might know his own house in the dark. The hard and gray tones lower the pulse of the spectator. Mr. Henry James, when he wishes, can visit the same scene; but it is with the fresh-edged perceptions of one coming from another society altogether, and not yet accustomed to the voices and smells and tints of this one. In a small room in "Chirk Street," Kate Croy awaits her impossible, jaunty father, who has done something which reticence cannot specify, but who is "all pink and silver," with "kind, safe eyes," and an inimitable manner, and "indescribable arts that quite turned the tables." Here Kate tastes "the faint, flat emanation of things, the failure of fortune and of honor." The interview is a triumph of acrid comedy; the talk of Croy fully bears out his inventory. This nameless parent (her mother has died of her troubles) stands aside from the story, but is necessary in order to explain Kate. He is that from which she flies; yet she has sprung from him. She flies, by instinct, upwards in society, on the wings of the hawk, not of the dove; no mere kite, but a predatory creature of a larger sweep, with nobilities, with weaknesses after all. She flies to the only life in which she can imagine herself—where there is room for her will, room for her beauty—chances for her marriage, chances for winning money, and station, and love as well, and not merely one of these things without the rest.

When she leaves the house we know something of Kate; her exhalation of silent power, her disregard of all cost to herself in pursuit of her quest, her mysterious, undeniable nobleness of stamp, which we must reconcile as best we can with her later piracies and perversities. Already she has got away from her father and her weariful widowed sister, whom, by the way, she supports with her own inheritance. Her aunt in Lancaster Gate, Mrs. Lowder, the "Aunt Maud" of the story, has seen the value of Kate. She is a girl who might, and must, marry a "great man," and so satisfy the dowager affections and long-delayed ambitions of her aunt. Thus they would both escape from the amphibious society in which they move, into that region of the London world which is really "great." Fielding would have rejoiced in this view of "greatness." Their ambition, at bottom vulgar, is embraced by them with a religious gravity. The author himself almost seems to take it too seriously, at moments.

Kate, in her revulsion from Chirk Street, is ready enough for this programme, but for one obstacle. She loves a man who can never be great at all. He is merely a journalist of some parts, with a foreign education, Merton Densher, who from the standpoint of Mrs. Lowder is inadmissible. It would seem that Kate must either resign Densher or her expectations. She is weak; she cannot give up her expectations. But she is also strong; for she is prepared to play high, and to wait for an opportunity of winning both, should such present itself. It does present itself; there is the story, but there also is the tragedy. Meantime let her have her precarious, whole-

hearted, stolen happiness, walking pledged in Kensington Gardens.

The difficulties sharpen. Densher is visiting on terms of sufferance, which are dissected to the thinnest point, at the house in Lancaster Gate, where the hostess accepts him because she feels she can crush him at any time, and positively likes him all the while. A certain "Lord Mark" who is asserted rather than proved to be uncannily clever, but who is wanted for the conduct of the tragedy, is on the watch; and in any case Kate must tarry for the great man who is not yet forthcoming. At this point Densher is sent by his newspaper office to America to make articles. Kate's opportunity for high play is not ripe till his return. Unaware she waits the coming of the "Dove."

Milly Theale, strangely and richly left, the dying flower of an old wild family, carrying in herself, too, the seeds of an undefined malady, and, further, the memory of three calls paid to her in New York by a young Englishman, Densher—Milly Theale is found in Europe, whither she has restlessly fled with a lady escort, a simple, but not foolish, little New Englander, by profession a furnisher of novels. Fled, from what? and whither? From the fear and from the memory, which accompany her nevertheless. The method of reticence, of dumb actions and silences, is here followed worthily. The reader, as well as Milly's companion, Mrs. Stringham, are cunningly let into the secret, which is stoically kept. It comes out by degrees, on a wooded pass, in the little parlors of the inns; and before England is reached the charm is felt by the reader, who knows the pale face, coppery hair, and the radiation, strong, soft, and beneficent, of the lonely, wealthy woman, who "thinks," when congratulated, that she has *not* "really everything." To England they go; Mrs. Stringham remembers an old friend, Mrs. Lowder, now high in the world; and with her the Americans are next found in company, without it being at first known that Densher is a common acquaintance.

The Dove has to face fresh waters, that welcome her, unsparing as they may prove later, more than graciously at first. The opening dinner-party is described, from the point of view of Milly, with Richardsonian prolixity; the dinner itself could hardly take longer. But this is Mr. Henry James's way of enhancing his illusion. The persons move, through a strange, turbid medium, towards a dramatic comprehension of one another. We hear slowly—but we do not wish the tale shorter—how the two girls, Kate Croy and Milly, become intimate; how they discover, without words, that both know and think of Densher; how Milly betrays her passion to the "onyx-eyed Aunt Maud"; how Densher returns, visits the National Gallery as a rendezvous with Kate, and is thus beheld by Milly as she sits there forlornly "counting the Americans." In one scene, which precedes this incident, the doom of Milly is foreshadowed. Milly is taken by Lord Mark, who is trying to wrap invisible nets round the heiress, to a great house, in order that she may be seen in his company. He brings her up to an old picture, "by Bronzino," of a fair, dead lady to whom she has a surprising chance likeness.

She found herself, for the first moment, looking at the mysterious portrait through tears. Perhaps it was her tears that made it just then so strange and fair—as wonderful as he had said: the face of a young woman, all magnificently drawn, down to the hands, and magnificently dressed; a face almost livid in hue, yet handsome in sadness and crowned with a mass of hair, rolled back and high, that must, before fading with time, have had a family resemblance to her own. The lady in question, at all events, with

her slightly Michaelangelesque squareness, her eyes of other days, her full lips, her long neck, her recorded jewels, her brocaded and wasted reds, was a very great personage, only unaccompanied by a joy. And she was dead, dead, dead. Milly recognized her exactly in words that had nothing to do with her. "I shall never be better than this" (p. 183).

This is but one of many passages that show how Mr. James has shared in the special impulse towards beauty which distinguishes the new generation. Such an American as Milly Theale becomes, by her rich ancestry, by her affinity of type to the master-painting, herself a member of an old world, no longer merely simple-minded and delightfully puritan, but with all kinds of complicated stirrings and concessions that might surprise her countrywomen. And the style of Mr. James gathers, itself, the dignity of an old master's as it rises to the expression of these deeper and more dramatic things. It has become more and more charged with beauty; it marches with slow, intricately measured paces, as in a dream; and, in this book, even the harsher incidents and cruelties of the story do not prove too much for the style. It would be idle to credit younger Belgian or Celtic symbolists with a definite influence in any direction upon Mr. James. This kind of enchantment is now in the air of literature; and Mr. Henry James, in the fullness of his powers, has returned spell for spell.

Soon Milly knows how she stands. A big, clear-witted physician, Sir Luke Strett, with his "fine, closed face," comes into her life. It is implied that she will die, or die the sooner, unless she has the happiness, the marriage that she needs. The doctor tells her, significantly, to "live"; and that she wishes to do. The scenes in his consulting-room form one of the many accessory perfections of the book. Soon Sir Luke sees that Densher is the man. Soon they all see, they all crowd round from different sides. Mrs. Lowder is willing he should be tempted away, so that Kate may be free for greatness. Kate herself has to act, and the critical episodes begin. Mr. James has tried hard to render probable the bold and ugly scheme which she devises on behalf of herself and her lover. May it be conjectured that, having first thought of this central motive, he proceeded to invent backwards explanatory antecedents for Kate Croy, which should leave her capable of a crime even against her own passion; that he made her, nevertheless, a woman of large build, of sympathy, full of heart and pieties of her own kind; and that when the moment came for unscrupulous action, behold, she was too good for the work? So Chaucer, when his authorities tell him that the time is due for Cressida to be false to Troilus, has himself spent too much kindness on her to believe it, and refers, somewhat shamefacedly, to the "books" to prove the fact. Kate goes wrong, but not in Cressida's way. At this point there is a change in the method of painting her, which serves to cover any violence in the transition. We are never again in her confidence as before, the curtain is dropped, and the story becomes a diary not of her feelings, but of the feelings of Densher. Thus any struggle in the mind of Kate is unknown. The second great difficulty of the author is to make Densher her accomplice, and to incline him to acquiesce in the false report that, while he is desperate for Kate, Kate is averse from him. On this footing of a person to be pitied he drifts, by delicate degrees, into the position of an intimate with Milly, whom she is ready to console.

The plan is virtually a kind of dubious, low insurance job; Mr. Henry James has never invented anything so

extraordinary. Densher, while privately pledged to Kate, is to "make up to a sick girl" who wishes to gain him, but who may die, after not too long an interval, leaving him well endowed and free to marry Kate. He is to pay certain premiums, for a term, in the way of simulated love; but he pays them on a "bad life"; when that life "determines" (these images are not used in the book) he is to receive the millions for which the policy has been taken out. The full position only comes home to him slowly; by the time he realizes it the action is ready for the most startling turn of all. Man, woman, and fate conspire at first for the success of the plot, and the scene shifts to Venice, which "plashed and chimed and called again" in sympathy, until cold and wicked weather, also in sympathy with events, set in. Every one is present. For their beauty and strange grace these Venetian chapters, let us prophesy frankly, may come to be thought a classic in their kind. For the Dove, as her frail body fades in her palace, begins, in ways unforeseen, to prevail, though she seems to be deceived, and for a while is deceived, with the hope of "living." It is on Densher that the strain works. He knows what manner of man he is, when Milly, "in all the candor of her smile, the lustre of her pearls, the value of her life, the essence of her wealth," looks across her own hall at himself and Kate as they are furtively discussing the consequences her death may bring to themselves. Densher is not easy in mind, and his next act makes the knot insoluble indeed.

He cannot go on with his part in the game without realities. There, in the palace of Milly, he tells Kate what encouragement she must give him. She has ruled his action thus far; it is now the turn of the male. He has a lodging, a little dim old place, on one of the canals. If she comes to him, he will be immutably forced to go through with their programme. Kate sees, and blenches; but consents, and goes. This, by a deep but sound paradox, is the first sign that Densher is shaken by the influence of the Dove. For anything like this conception, and the way it is faced, we must go back to the freedoms of Jacobean tragedy.

The visit of Kate to the lodging is not narrated, though some inferior authors would have felt bound on theory to narrate it. Economy is in its place here. Tolstoi would have foreborne to tell it, but might, as in "Anna Karénina," instantly have informed us that there was an after-taste of sick humiliation. But there was not. Nothing is told us but the preliminary compact, and then the man's after-taste, in the lonely lodging, of glory and absorption. At this point we remember that psychology is in the blood of Mr. Henry James. The present, in such a case, is scientifically indescribable; it is an illusion, indeed it is *nil* if abstracted from its sequel; its life is in hopes and memories; their faintness, their vividness, renewed in rhythmical fashion, their sudden chasing away by a new, black train of associations. Densher is left alone in Venice to carry out his agreement, and another chapter follows of equal power, showing the heavy cruelty of the new situation for all parties.

The Dove, now dying, and waiting vainly for her hopes, acts upon Densher in another paradoxical but natural way. The pursuit of her, after what has passed, seems to him more than ever necessary, if he is not utterly to cheat Kate, but less than ever possible, the Dove being the noble person that she is. After a little the very possibility is denied him. "Susan Shepherd," Mrs. Stringham, who has followed everything silently, like some clairvoyant animal, comes to give him a last chance; she will accept anything,

that her friend's last ray of happiness may be made possible. Densher is kept back from going through with his bond by a host of little cords of conscience and distaste, and soon it is too late. He has a final, astonishing interview with the dying lady, in which she receives him with invincible style, in full dress, refusing "to smell of drugs, to taste of medicine." What passed no others know: the interview is only mentioned in a later conversation with Kate; and Kate is not the person to hear its details—does not wish to hear them. But we gather that Milly, while knowing much, and divining we know not how much more—knowing certainly, since a malicious, finally killing revelation by Lord Mark, that she had been lied to, and that Kate had really cared for Densher throughout—Milly *pardons*. This divine impression is left on Densher: her last words

Enforce attention, like deep harmony.

Thus Milly prevails. Having lost all, she regains everything—not practically, but in the sphere of love, soul, and devotion, in which she moves, and in which Densher must henceforth be said to live a kind of absolved existence. Even practically, as the sequel shows, she exerts a decisive influence.

For the memory of her is now fixed in Densher. His experience of power and craft, of passion secular and unshrinking, is overborne by an experience yet stronger. The waft of the Dove's wings as she fled has altered him. He has, in a sense, killed her; he would not have her; now she, and not Kate, is mistress of *him*. By the same token, he is false to Kate. Where, then, is there an issue?

Nothing so vulgar is suggested as that possession had cooled Densher towards Kate: that is not the point at all. But another power, "through creeks and inlets making," controls him. He comes home to England, and the final act is played. All that went before is really nothing as compared with his present complication with Kate. And the last beneficent action of the Dove adds another coil to the tangle. He resumes, with a difference, his old wanderings with Kate; the change is best expressed in his phrase that they are "damned civil" to each other. Kate is strong still, strong to the last. Though Densher has not married Milly, she guesses that she has gained her end nevertheless—without, for that matter, having had to pay the expected price of seeing him Milly's husband for a time. So far she has guessed right. Milly has left him a great fortune. Her last letter comes, in which he would have seen, had he read it, the wonderful and gracious turn she would have given to her bequest. Kate burns the unopened letter, when he offers it to her, under the sway of a wholly new feeling, which is out of her usual reckoning altogether—jealousy of the dead. This is one of the many profundities of the tale. Kate could bear to see her lover marry Milly without love; but she cannot bear to see him in love with Milly dead. But she sees that the centres of his life have shifted; he is all with the dead, with the letter that is ashes. But he is still true in act to Kate. The business letter announcing the fortune comes from America; he sends this letter to her to "test" her; she is positive-minded, she does not understand the "test," and she reads it. Densher refuses to read it, and the final crisis comes. He pursues his last sad advantage with Kate. He will not touch the money for himself. There must be a kind of expiation. Either she must marry him poor, as he was of old: or, he will make over the money to her; but in that case he will not marry her. Such at least seems to be the meaning of the

latter pages. Thus the spirit of the Dove penetrates material life, as the ether penetrates the most stubborn substances of the earth. The strong, consistent person is at the disadvantage; the half-baked man, who has a conscience, but had not nerve enough to carry the policy through, is, in his converted state, the dominant partner. In the last sentences of the book Kate challenges him with being in love with the dead. He makes no answer, but says:

"I'll marry you, mind you, in an hour."

"As we were?"

"As we were."

But she turned to the door, and her headshake was now the end.

"We shall never be again as we were!" (p. 576.)

So the tale ends. It is easy to ask the wrong question, to ask, What happens? Do they marry or does she take the money? Probably she marries Lord Mark. But it does not matter. What matters is that it is the end of two personalities, the final unsoldering of the alliance so exquisitely sealed in Kensington Gardens. The irruption of forces from another world has done this. Other questions, equally hard but more profitable, we are forced to ask. What has the Dove accomplished by her high generosity? Spoilt, if we look into the matter, what she wished to mend. She had made the bequest in order that the two might be free as they desired. But they have no use for freedom. With whom does the sympathy finally remain? With the man, who through his very weakness, his two-sidedness, has been in a sense regenerate? Or with the partner, proud, strong, and true to her strange self, who has given herself unflinchingly, and is now dispossessed of her reward? Let us say that our sympathy is with her, as it would never have been had she simply succeeded.

We can put such questions without end. The book is not like a great tragedy of the older kind, which ends in some ennobling resolution of errors through death. It ends in a deep, resonant discord. But such a discord equally has its place in art, for it might actually close just such a passage of significant, tumultuous life. The conflict between the world and the spirit, with which we started, has ended drawn; the spirit has conquered in its own sphere; the world has been disconcerted and baffled. But Kate, the embodiment of the world, is not wholly eclipsed. She remains pathetic, dignified even after her failure, and above all strong. The last word is hers. The interest, almost the benediction of the author, goes with her. That marks, like much else, the long slow change in his way of facing life. The victims in his earlier novels were the clear-souled and innocent. Milly Theale is such a victim, certainly; but the sufferer, the protagonist, foiled by forces beyond her scope, yet holding firm, and remaining, in her own style, noble, is Kate, the daughter of Lionel Croy. Thus the interest and even the beauty begin to gather at last to the side of the will, craft, and energy that have failed in part and are now thrown back with little but themselves to live upon. In affairs and political theories the cult of these things is just now evident; and art also is touched by it—more legitimately. In this way, with his share in the specialist's temper, and his love for "strangeness in beauty," Mr. Henry James, aloof as he appears, is trebly representative—one of the finer voices that may be heard telling the future for what sort of things our time cared.

Oliver Elton.

The Quarterly Review.

SUN-SPOTS.

To judge from the notices that have appeared in the daily press, a considerable amount of public interest in the subject of sun-spots has been evoked on occasion of the passage across the sun's disc of the fine sun-spot group which appeared on his eastern limb on the 5th of October and left the western limb on the 18th of October. The appearance of this great group, which at its maximum period of growth attained an area of about 2,300 units, reckoning in terms of the 1-5000 of the sun's visible disc, roughly 1,300 times the superficial area of the earth, and stretched over a length of some 90,000 miles, was not wholly unexpected, for since the middle of the month of September of last year the sun's surface has shown decided signs of a return of activity, manifested not only in the greater number of sun-spots that have appeared, and in their greater size, but also in the occurrence of larger and brighter groups of faculæ, the brilliant white floccular phenomena, which are both premonitory signs of the outburst of sun-spots, and the glowing embers of past disturbances. According to the Greenwich observers the increase in the area of the faculæ has been very striking, more particularly in the last four solar rotations of the year 1902 and in those for the present year. Taking the number of groups of spots seen on the sun's surface as an index of his general activity, the records of the British Astronomical Association show a gradual decline from 285 groups observed and described in 1893 to 73 in 1899, 45 in 1900, 21 in 1901, 21 again, though much larger groups, in 1902, and as many as 42 to the end of June 1903. The number of days too on which the disc of the sun was without spots rose from 0 for the period 1892-95, and 3 in 1896, to 166 in 1900, and 264 in 1901, but fell to 255 in 1902. From the Stoneyhurst drawings the deduced mean spotted disc area for 1900 was 0.55 unit; for 1901, 0.29 unit; and for 1902, 0.33 unit. So that we may regard the year 1901 as the minimum year of solar spot activity in the past cycle, and the latter half of September as witnessing that recuperation of spot-producing energy which will probably culminate in 1904. From the numbers given it will have been observed that whereas the decline in spottedness was gradual, and occupied some nine years, the return to activity has been very rapid, a trait which is not peculiar to this particular sun-spot cycle, but is a characteristic of all the cycles so far observed. Were the results plotted as a curve, while the descending limb would show a gradual slope the ascending limb would be abrupt and steep. It is worthy of note that this too is the form of the light curve which gives the fluctuations in visible or telescopic brilliancy of a great number of variable stars, an analogy which suggests that were the sun so far removed from us as to bear a resemblance to a fixed star, it would not impossibly be a variable.

The discovery of the existence of sun-spots was one of the very first fruits of the use of the telescope in the early years of the seventeenth century, being made by Galileo in October 1610, though earlier instances of spots visible to the unaided eye were recorded, such appearances having been invariably attributed to the passage of small bodies across the sun's visible hemisphere. The discovery was independently made by Fabricius, who was the first observer to publish accounts of sun-spots, and by Father Scheiner

of Ingolstadt. It is related that when the reverend father reported his discovery to his ecclesiastical superior the latter, with commendable caution, advised him that the appearances were probably due to some inherent defect in his glasses or in his own eyes, as the authority of Aristotle was against him, who had declared the sun to be the type of spotless purity. Scheiner, however, pursued his studies, and though at first inclined to believe that the sun-spots were bodies distinct from the sun and revolving round him like planets, yet he very soon convinced himself that they were attached to the solar surface, and from his observations deduced approximately correct results both for the period of rotation of the sun on his axis, roughly twenty-five and a half days, and for the position of the sun's axis in space. These early observations of Father Scheiner were made by means of a primitive telescope mounted on an axis which pointed to the Pole Star, and on a second which was parallel to the plane of the earth's equator, equatorially, as it is called, so that the telescope having been directed to the sun it could follow his apparent diurnal motion through the sky by simple rotation around the polar axis. In modern instruments this turning is effected by clockwork.

In order to observe the spots Scheiner projected their images on to a screen attached to his equatorial, a method which is still followed at observatories where drawings and eye observations of solar phenomena are made.

For viewing the solar surface and its ever-changing network of dark meshes enclosing bright spaces the method of projection is undoubtedly the best, especially if the eye-end of the telescope be either placed in a darkened chamber or protected from the glare of scattered light by suitable dark screens. This mottled appearance of the solar surface is very striking, especially on days when the atmospheric conditions are most suitable for good seeing, being most conspicuously evident in the central regions of the solar hemisphere, when the line of sight impinges more directly at the disc, for at the sun's limbs there is a darkening due to the greater depths of the solar vapors and gases that constitute what may be termed his atmosphere, which has to be traversed by the oblique rays that come to the eye from those regions. But it is precisely in these shaded regions at the solar limbs that by contrast the bright patches or sinuous branches of the brilliantly white faculæ are most easily observed. Monsieur Janssen of Meudon has produced some magnificent photographs of the sun's mottled surface by means of an especially designed telescope, and after long experiments as to the proper time of exposure, and as to the most fitting chemical coating of the plates used. The network of dark lines and knots which appears to be laid over the solar surface alters its shape and size of mesh, according to this observer's discussions of his photographs, with a periodicity consonant with that of the sun-spot cycle. It has been my own good fortune on days of excellent seeing to clearly perceive the mottled surface of the sun by means of the spectroscope, and the appearances presented by a succession of horizontal alternate bright and dark lines running athwart the lines of the spectrum are just such as would be given by a meshwork of small spots and faculæ. If this is so it follows that the photosphere, or surface of the sun which we see with the unaided eye, or telescopically, is built up of minute spots and faculæ, and that the large spots and faculæ to be observed at times of greater activity of the solar surface are only extraordinary local developments of the ordinary constituents of the solar surface. The recent wonderful photographs of

the vapors covering the solar surface taken by Professor Hale of the Yerkes Observatory, Chicago, by means of his ingeniously devised instrument called the spectroheliograph, which show a meshwork of calcium, hydrogen, iron, and other vapors extending all over the sun, and which too are particularly brilliant and large and disturbed in the neighborhood of sun-spots, and conform in their main outlines to those of the surrounding faculæ, would seem to lend countenance to this view. Moreover, Janssen's photographs show the granulated structure not only on the solar photosphere but even in the faculæ and spots.

The birth and first appearance of a sun-spot group occurs in this wise: First the region of the sun in which the greater group is subsequently to appear is disturbed for some considerable time before the actual outbreak of the spots, the disturbance being evidenced by the appearance and disappearance of intermittent smaller groups of spots and faculæ. Thus in the present instance the Stoneyhurst drawings show that as far back as last July a small group of dots—they could hardly be called spots—was born on the sun's visible disc in the same southern latitude and within twenty degrees of longitude of the position of the great spot group of October. This disturbance occurred in a region of the sun that had been previously quiescent for several months. At the next rotation of the sun a small spot was seen near the eastern limb, but in the same region, which had disappeared before the 17th of August. Yet again on the 15th of September the disturbed region was occupied by a small spot, and by some smaller dots. These separate groups were evidently connected, and marked the position of a focus of future great disturbance. The culminating point of the disturbances was reached in the bursting out of the great spot group of October, which, though of smaller area than the great group of February, 1892, and slightly less than that of November 1882, exceeded the individual spots of the two great groups of April 1882, and is the greatest spot that has appeared since August 1898.

The immediate precursor of a great spot is generally the appearance of a small but bright patch of faculæ. In the faculæ a few black dots are subsequently to be seen, which after one or two days coalesce into two principal spots with smaller companions, the leading or preceding spot of the couple being generally the more compact, while the following spot presents a broken appearance, though it may in many cases cover a larger area than its fellow. At this stage the leader darts forward with a larger proper motion, often to be reckoned in hundreds of miles an hour, while at times the two spots of the group seem to exercise a repelling force upon one another. The space thus left vacant is filled up by a train of smaller spots, the process being completed within five to seven days after the birth of the groups. The longitudinal axes of these trains of spots are generally approximately parallel to the sun's equator. This train of spots between the two principal spots of a group is absorbed, covered perhaps by the photospheric matter, in two or three days, leaving the two chief spots more or less isolated and quite distinct and separate. The spot of last October was one or two days old when it made its appearance on the sun's eastern limb on the 5th; by the 7th the two-spot phase was more or less distinct; the intermediate train had fully formed by the 10th, its disintegration was far advanced on the 13th and complete on the 15th, and the reversion to the two-spot phase was very evident when the leader had almost reached the sun's western limb on the

17th. If the group follows the normal course the following spot of the two will break to pieces and disappear, while the leader will become a round dark spot, sometimes followed by small companions and sometimes not, so that in all probability about the 31st of October, when the rotation of the sun will have brought it again into view, unless in the meantime it has suffered dissolution, a contingency not very likely in the case of so large a spot group, we shall see it either still as two spots or as a single round black spot. We would beg, however, to call attention to the proviso, if it follows the normal course, which so far it has done. This normal course of development and decay, with its well-marked succession of phases and types, has been deduced from a detailed study of some four thousand drawings of the solar surface and spots on a scale of 10½ inches to the solar diameter which have been secured at the Stonyhurst College Observatory, since the year 1881, when the series was inaugurated under the directorship of the late Father Perry. Among the groups represented on these drawings some 300 were especially selected for study, which belonged to or were connected with 120 greater disturbances. We may confidently assert that in general all sun-spot groups pass through this succession of phases, and that they can all be accordingly classified under four main types, a fifth type being added to include those irregular groups which sometimes, though rarely, appear, abortive groups possibly whose normal development has been unduly arrested. So that the law of order is found to exist amid all the seeming turmoil and tumult of a large sun-spot group.

After the sun-spot group has attained the calm rotundity of middle life, as represented in its single remaining member, it may persist in this state for two more solar rotations, and in one case in 1897 this form was retained for five successive rotations, or four months. It then gradually becomes smaller and smaller, and finally dies, as it was born, in the shape of a few scattered dots. We have already called attention to the fact that the curve of sun-spot frequency rises abruptly, but falls gradually. The form is reflected in each member of the groups that contribute to this result; they attain their maximum area with a display of energy, but are slowly and quietly dissipated.

One unmistakable sign of the age of a sun-spot group is the condition of the faculæ that surround it. For in the earlier days of its life history the faculæ present a very compact appearance and cling closely to the spot-group. But as the spot-group grows in age, but is reduced in size, they extend in beautiful luminous branches over ever-increasing areas of the solar surface. But with their greater extension they suffer the loss of their brilliancy. Even when the spot has finally disappeared, the faculæ marking the seat of the disturbance may still persist for yet two or more rotations. At times of sun-spot maximum, as often as not, a new outburst will take place in the faculæ, and very nearly in the position of its departed predecessor, evidencing the existence of a focus of disturbance. Multiply this process, and it is evident that we shall see faculæ extended over large areas of the solar surface, generally in the form of belts, at times of greater solar spottedness. If the average or mean be struck of the duration of all the greater solar spot disturbances observed at Stonyhurst the result is fifty-two days, or two solar rotations; 17 per cent. have lived for three, 4 per cent. for four or five, and 2 per cent. for five to seven rotations. One area of the solar surface was the seat of continuous disturbance, manifested by four big solar groups, cul-

minating in the giant of February 1892, and several smaller ones, from the middle of September 1891 to the beginning of March 1893, or for a period of twenty-seven solar rotations, and, moreover, was intermittently disturbed for months afterwards.

A sun-spot does not present the appearance of a cloud of uniform blackness upon the solar disc, but has parts marked by darknesses of varying intensity. The central portion is called the umbra, and appears very black, especially in a large round spot; at the edge of the umbra is a luminous ring, and from this luminous ring run brilliant lanes of matter which are separated one from the other by streaks of darkness, the boundary edge of these streaks being quite definite and generally of the same form as the edge of the umbra. This second portion of the spot is called the penumbra, its tint being much lighter than that of the umbra. Penumbral patches, however, may exist independently of umbræ, but of a uniform darkness and not intersected by lanes of light. Such patches are very noticeable in the third phase or type of a sun-spot group. The appearance suggests the flowing in of the bright photospheric matter to fill up a cavity, or contrariwise rivers of luminosity flowing down the sides of a black mountain. If the sun-spot be carefully scrutinized with a direct vision eye-piece, such, for instance, as the excellent Thorp polarizing eye-piece, which enables the whole aperture of a big object glass to be employed, it will be seen that the umbra itself is not of uniform blackness, but contains nuclei or darker patches. To my own eye it appears as if a semiluminous faculous veil were spread over the floor of the spot, through the rents in which the inner black core can be perceived. This position, however, is controverted. Nevertheless it seems to be consonant with the phenomena shown on the truly marvellous photographs recently secured by Professor Hale by means of the spectroheliograph. These show that the calcium vapor clouds—flocculi, Professor Hale calls them—when looked through at their greatest depths completely cover up the spots of a group, being piled up in luminous masses over these presumably centres of disturbance. To the eye also when aided by the solar eye-piece the bounding edge of the umbra seems to send out bright tongues which sometimes reach right across the spot, but more often extend only a part of the way across. There is also sometimes seen an appearance of bright beads clinging to the edge, suggesting the analogy of a beetling cliff crumbling into the dark cavern below. But is a spot a cavern or hollow in the photospheric clouds? Such was the idea first broached by Dr. Wilson of Glasgow in 1769, on account of the behavior of the penumbra of a regular round spot which he observed in the November of that year. Remembering that the penumbra is conterminous with the umbra in such a spot, it is evident that if the spot be a cavity the effect of perspective when it is near the eastern and western limbs of the sun will be that the arc of the penumbra nearest the limbs will be in full view, while that turned towards the sun's centre will be hidden. The opposite effect would occur if the spot were a mountainous elevation above the photospheric level. The question is not solved by the appearance of a notch in the sun's limb, which is occasionally to be observed when a big spot crosses the edge. Evidently a cavity, say the upholders of one view; an elevation blocking out our view of the edge of the sun, reply the others. A discussion of six hundred cases of spots made by De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy gave 75 per cent. of all cases in favor of Wilson's hypothesis of a cav-

ity. The Rev. F. Howlett, however, from a fine series of large drawings of separate spots, extending over a period of thirty-five years, declared against the Wilsonian hypothesis, and Father Sidgreaves from, not all cases of spots, but from one hundred and eighty-seven instances on the Stonyhurst drawings which were carefully selected as fair tests of the hypothesis, found forty-seven in favor of it and one hundred and forty against it. This at least can be said, that if the spot is a cavity then it is not a very deep one, but rather like a saucer-shaped opening in the sun's surface. Might not the seemingly divergent views be reconciled if the spot were mountainous at one period of its life history, possibly the earlier period, and saucer-like in the closing stages of its career? But the perspective test cannot be safely applied in the earlier stages of a spot's life, on account of the rapid and frequent changes of penumbral contour to which it is subjected. However, be it cavity or elevation, the spectroscope tells us what it is composed of—namely, of vapors of metals, among which vanadium and titanium are specially predominant—and moreover as these vapors show the lines of their spectra to be widened it seems that they are under pressure. A sun-spot is in fact something intensely bright, but appears to be black by contrast with the more brilliant luminosity of the photosphere, and also very possibly on account of the absorption of the light from the photosphere which the vapors composing it exercise. A sun-spot too, as we can observe when it is on the limb of the sun, by means of the spectroscope, is surrounded by beautiful prominences of hydrogen gas, and at times by those eruptive and violent prominences or flames which are composed of brilliant metallic vapors. In fact, extremely few of this class of prominences occur independently of spots.

For twenty-five years Heinrich Schwabe, an apothecary of Dessau, directed a small telescope which he possessed to the sun on every available occasion, and made a count of such spots as were to be seen. These seemingly humble observations led to the detection of a most important law, that of the periodicity in the number of the spots, the mean period being about eleven years. As Schwabe himself remarked, like Saul he went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. It was Humboldt who in 1851 called attention to the value of this achievement, and since that time the collection of statistics with regard to sun-spots has formed a large part of the work of observatories devoted to astrophysical research. A very fine series of photographs of sun-spots is every year made under the direction of the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, with its two associated observatories at Mauritius and Dehra Dun, in India. and the positions and areas of all spots or faculæ recorded are measured by elaborately designed instruments of great accuracy, and published in tables which are simply invaluable in all researches bearing upon this special topic. A supplementary law to that of Schwabe was first published by Spoerer, who showed that as spots become few and small their mean latitudes approach the equator, the minimum occurring when their latitudes reach the value 8° to 10°. The new cycle, however, begins, before the old one has quite run its course, by the appearance of spots in latitudes 30° north and south of the equator. The zones of spots then gradually draw in towards the equator, the maximum occurring when the latitude is about 16°. The latitude of the big spot of last November was 21° south, so that if Dr. Lockyer's hypothesis of a further periodicity of thirty-five years' duration is correct we may expect an ex-

ceptionally fine maximum in the present cycle, something perhaps like that of 1870.

It is a natural surmise, though so far unconfirmed by any experimental proof, that a periodic variation in the sun's radiation, including his yearly output of light and heat, is indicated by the fluctuations in the number, size, and positions of the spots, quantities which are subjected to the eleven-year period. Hence the variation in all kinds of phenomena has been attributed to the presumed potent agency of the sun-spots. These include magnetic and electric changes on the earth, the aurora borealis, air temperature, barometric pressure, humidity, the winds, cloudiness, rainfall, depth and quantity of discharge of rivers, retreat and advance of glaciers, number of shipwrecks, bank failures and commercial crises, the crops, the prices of grain, famines, wars, and even the flights of butterflies, according to an enumeration recently made by Mr. C. G. Abbot, to which we may add fluctuations in the quantity of ozone and the occurrence of volcanoes and earthquakes. We would especially commend to the notice of our fiscal reformers that fathered by the late Professor Jevons, namely, fluctuations in the price of corn, and consequently in the world's trade; for if Jevons is right trade does not follow the flag, nor even brain power, but the sun-spot. Of all these the connection of sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism is undoubted, whether we consider the diurnal range of the instruments which record the intensity and directive force of the earth's magnetism, or the number and intensity of those abnormal movements of the self-recording magnetographs at fixed observatories which are called magnetic storms. With regard to these questions, the discussions of the magnetic curves from the Greenwich Observatory for the period 1841-1896, made by Mr. Ellis, are conclusive. A year of great sun-spots is a year of large diurnal range in the swings of the magnets, and of great storms; a year of few sun-spots is a year of almost evanescent diurnal range and of no great storms. The curves of the fluctuations of the two phenomena are quite coincident. Moreover every great sun-spot—and by great we mean such as that of October —is accompanied by a greater magnetic storm. In the present instance the diurnal range of the declination magnet recorded at Stonyhurst on the 12th of October was fifty-one minutes of arc, with the February spot of 1892 the needle swung through eighty minutes of arc, while the November spot of 1882 was accompanied by a swing through two degrees, twenty-three minutes of arc. But, as Lord Kelvin has shown, it is dynamically impossible that this connection should be one of cause and effect. Father Sidgreaves too, by a most laborious comparison of all the magnetic storms recorded at Stonyhurst with our sun-spot drawings and the Greenwich Tables, has observationally confirmed Lord Kelvin's theoretical conclusions; and a similar result is the outcome of a discussion of the Kew magnetograms for a period of eleven years recently concluded by Dr. Chree. The truth seems rather to lie in the direction of two effects, and not necessarily related effects, of one common cause which sometimes affects the sun, and sometimes the magnetism of the earth, and sometimes both together, possibly, according to the theory of Father Sidgreaves, swarms of electrions which act electro-dynamically on the earth, causing magnetic storms, and electro-statically on the sun darkening the vapors which constitute the spots.

As to the connection of the sun-spots with the weather, no certain conclusions can as yet be said to have been reached. The subject is a most com-

plicated and difficult one. Nevertheless the researches conducted by Sir Norman and Dr. Lockyer as to the connection of barometric pressure and sun-spots are most hopeful, and should it be indeed possible to predict famines in India by a knowledge of the relations between the curves of sun-spottedness and of barometric pressure, then a vast boon would have been conferred upon a large portion of mankind from the enumeration and classification of those seemingly dark smudges on the surface of our centre of energy, which are called sun-spots.

A. L. Cortie.

The Nineteenth Century and After. Stonyhurst Observatory.

TATA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

PART IV.

VIII. THE MEASURE IS FULL.

Just as Adèle was opening the door of her chamber for Pomaré her father returned. She heard him open and shut his violin case.

"Stay here, madame. There is my father. I will go and speak to him, and come and fetch you when it is best—if it be best at all." And she added from the threshold, "This is a crucial moment for my father, and for me, madame. Say a prayer for us, I beg of you!"

She left her, and going straight to her father, who was attending to his violin after his usual fashion, "Father," said she, "I have tidings of Pierre, which it is my duty to tell you."

He threw up his head like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, "How did you get your news?"

"From a lady."

"A *lady?*" he queried with bitter irony. "And is it good news?"

"No, dear father,—bad. But we may perhaps make it better."

"What has he done now?" demanded Bounaud, closing his violin-case with a bang.

He began to pace restlessly up and down the room; then turning upon his daughter with all the roughness of former days:—

"If in spite of my express prohibition," said he, "you imagine that you have a right to speak to me of your brother in that assured and emphatic tone—I might almost say, with such audacity—you must have some reason for it, some very strong reason! Who is this lady? Did he send her?" pursued Bounaud. "Is she a lady of rank? A fine lady asking no better than to run his errands?"

"She came of her own accord, father. She is a person who works for her living, and who at this moment is doing us the greatest kindness in her power."

"Unless he has turned pick-pocket, I know of but one crime left for him to commit," growled Bounaud, who was not so slow as his daughter had been to infer the character of this fresh misfortune. "There's only one other shame he can put us to,—and if it's that—I swear by the God above us—"

His big fist descended upon the table beside him and made it leap. There was an empty glass on the table, and a violin-bow which had been set upright and supported against the angle of the

* Translated for The Living Age.

wall, fell down upon the fragile thing, which rolled to the ground in fragments.

"They're having a hot time down there," reflected Pomaré. "Evidently the old man doesn't like it."

Bounaud sat down in an armchair, and in a voice grown suddenly calm, "A grandson, who was the son of my daughter," said he, "would have just suited me. It would have meant a well-regulated, respectable family."

He rose, and continued in a tone of concentrated hate, "But his blood! His bad blood! Will he never have done making martyrs of us? What is the scoundrel trying to take from us now? Oh, his desires are quite simple. He only wants everything—first money and now honor!"

He turned a keen glance upon his daughter, who bowed her head in silence. "If it's that," Bounaud went on, raising his tall figure to its full height, "I swear to you that I will make an example of him, even if I have to go to Paris on foot, old as I am, and find my worthless son, and take the villain by the throat. And I will go and he shall see me—unless I burst with rage and despair before I can reach him. Come, tell me all about it! He is insulting us? He has ruined some girl? He has a child?" His words came out in short bursts, rattling like the blows of a hammer on the anvil.

"The mother does not blame him," said Adèle, trembling violently, "and he has acknowledged the child, who bears your name."

"That is fine! That is delightful! That caps the climax!"

He was in a state of indescribable exasperation. He took a few uncertain steps, from left to right and from right to left, as though searching for something, as though asking help of the inanimate objects about him, in the solution of his pressing problem. Finally he sat down again and buried his face in his hands.

Adèle fancied that he was wrestling with himself and she began to hope. The good God prompted her with the right word, and she did not hesitate to remind her father of one of her own good deeds, if thereby she might move him to forgiveness. She sacrificed her modesty and said bravely and slowly:—

"Perhaps I once forgave a wrong—not greater, certainly, but as distressing to me as this—to you, father. We have had in our school for a long time now a child who had less claim on our love than my brother's child—your nephew!"

The occasional diplomacy of candid souls is a masterly thing. Adèle had used the one argument capable of striking Bounaud to the heart. "You are a saint, Adèle," he murmured, and as he spoke the now familiar words his troubled heart grew calm.

"It is true. She has always suffered more than I," he reflected. "With Marius's child she has been simply sublime. She loves him; she prefers him to all the others, though without appearing to do so. She has set me a great example. I can perfectly well love this innocent creature who has come to me, without having ever to see my guilty son again."

He was quite comforted; no longer angry at what had occurred, but only with his son. His heart went out afresh to his daughter, and to the little new-comer. The two passions that strove within him were both assuaged; the muscles of his face relaxed, and he looked very peaceful.

"The baby's name is Gustave," continued Adèle with her unerring tact.

The grandfather was fairly touched. "At least the rascal thought of me! Gustave! My own name! Gustave Bounaud! Perhaps it will be he who will make the name famous! Why not—if we do well by him?"

The unquenchable spark of hope kindled again in the old man's breast. He was already living a protracted, an immortal, life in this grandson, whom he saw in his mind's eye, full-grown, handsome, twenty years old! Here was a dream which might be realized—nay, it should be so! He himself would be hale and hearty at ninety, leaning on the arm of his grandson, the celebrated musician, a second Mozart! That blissful future seemed already present, and Adèle, to her great joy, beheld his face grow bright. He had forgotten that she was there! He cocked his head knowingly, winked one eye and thrust out his fore-finger toward an invisible point in space, as though gaily calling Fate to witness that the laugh was wholly upon his side. Finally he once more murmured audibly: "It may very well be that he's the one!"

"Will you see him, papa?" asked Adèle.

Bounaud looked at her, tried to speak and could not. He made her a sign of willing assent, but his heart was too full for words.

IX. BOUNAUD'S CONDITIONS.

Adèle came back with the child in her arms. Behind her was little Pomaré, keeping herself as much in the background as possible, for she was now really somewhat intimidated.

"Papa!" said Adèle.

"Papa!" repeated the child.

Before they came in Adèle had told him that he must be sure and say "Papa!"

Bounaud rose to his feet. He had eyes only for the child, a vision of Van Dyke in the arms of a vision of Raphael. The beauty of the group went straight to his artist's heart. He was dimly conscious of the stranger standing behind Adèle, but he paid no attention to her. He was already smiling at the little boy. Presently he burst into a fit of meaningless, mechanical laughter, a laugh of utter content.

"Eh! . . . eh! . . . eh! . . . Gustave! Here's Gustave! Little Gustave! eh! eh! eh!"

He came up and touched his grandson's cheek, and at once the little fellow began himself to laugh. He liked this old man, and so laughed back at him. The attraction of one nature for another is something very mysterious.

Adèle set her burden upon the floor, while the tall old man bent down, laid his hand upon the curly head, and with sudden gravity, pronounced the words:

"My son!"

The phrase evidently gave him the greatest satisfaction. Then with a sort of timid hesitancy—the timidity of one who dares not believe in his own happiness—"And—tell me, Adèle—do they really mean to give him to us?"

Adèle, deeply moved, had no answer to give. Then the old man turned his gaze upon the unknown woman, looked her over, perceived with perfect clearness what she was, but instinctively respecting and dreading her maternal rights over the little creature, of whom he longed to gain possession, added, almost with an access of timidity:—

"Do you give him to us, madame?"

For one instant Pomaré thought of answering "No." Now that they wanted him, she longed to refuse, to force these innocents to pay her for her claims. Why not? She was really in need of the money. She deserved some compensation for the wrong which had been done her. But the visionary gleam of gold-pieces faded quickly away. Natural feeling prevailed over sordid craft; she made an affirmative sign of the head, and raised her dainty handkerchief to her eyes.

Bounaud drew a long breath and ejaculated, awkwardly enough:—"Good,

good! You are quite right. If I understand the state of the case he will be better off here than he would with you." Then, afraid that he had gone too far, he made haste to add:—

"For my daughter has a school here, an excellent school . . . where the children are splendidly trained . . . Tata's school it is called—The name is enough. You must know—everybody has heard of Tata's school. The Bishop of Fréjus spoke of it in the most complimentary terms the other day from the cathedral pulpit. You are very good. But—is this idea quite your own? Because I may as well tell you that as for my *other* son, I will have nothing to do with him. I will not, because I simply *cannot!* So, if taking the child involves seeing him again, if that's the condition—the only way—I should have to refuse."

As he uttered the concluding words, in tones of the greatest energy, he heard the two women crying in unison, bound together, although so widely severed, by the link of a common emotion. The mother's voice was too much choked for utterance; wherefore Bounaud again repeated his request, very diffidently and humbly: —

"Does the little one belong to us now, madame?"

The mother nodded. Her insolence had all left her.

Again Bounaud drew a deep breath, then went on in a caressing tone with little gasping pauses after each phrase. "When you can, you must come and see him. It is true that Paris is a long way off. You come from Paris, don't you? Yes: well! we have made a little money. It was intended for—some one else, but now it belongs to the boy. He shall give you some. Where are you staying? At the *Croix de Malte?* Yes? Well, it's a good hotel, they say. The cooking is excellent. My daughter will call upon you there, this evening, and I shall accompany her. We will *all three* come. And by the way—don't you need some refreshment now? Isn't the boy hungry? No? Don't want anything to eat? You must look after the mother, Adèle!"

Bounaud bent over the child and fairly feasted his eyes upon him. The mother took a step toward the door.

"Are you going?" said the old man, rising to his feet. Then, very gravely, almost solemnly, though with the most perfect simplicity:—"My daughter knows better than I whether this is the right way. Adèle, do not leave her alone!"

"Where will you go now, madame, while you are still unnerved by the strain of this scene?" Adèle asked. "Stay here till you leave for Paris. Stay with the boy."

"No," answered Pomaré, who seemed quite subdued and changed. "No, I cannot! I really cannot! I don't know how to express it. I don't even know what it is I feel. I'm choking. Why should I prolong this agony? It can do no good. Your heart gets soft, and you suffer, and what's the use? It's a nuisance to you to have me here, and what good will it do? No, I'm off—Really it's much better. I am going to start back for Paris this very day. What have I to do here now?"

They then fixed upon an hour at which they would go to see her at the hotel. She gave a hug and kiss to little Gustave, who did not appear very familiar with her, and who watched her go without showing any sign of regret.

Les Annales.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD WORLD GOVERNESS.

The modern woman, like the modern man and the modern child, is undergoing much transformation; and it would be an interesting task to distinguish and sum up the influences which, during the nineteenth century, have brought about results obvious to everybody. Whether we call these results collectively "emancipation" or "higher education," some of us are apt to think of them with an undue complacency, and almost as if no woman had been highly educated before our own day. Here, as in so many other matters, we need occasionally to brace and correct our judgments by contact with the eighteenth century. We often assert or imply that in that age woman was sunk in barbarism, a plaything and a slave, condemned to move in a round of intellectual, domestic and social pettiness. We ought sometimes to remind ourselves that in England alone the eighteenth century abounded in women of the most complete intellectual emancipation, of the most admirable intellectual equipment and attainment. Nor was it without specimens of that type to which so much pathos belongs, the woman who is at once prominent and lonely, mentally gifted and physically feeble, neglected and famous. It is to such a woman that the reader's attention is now called.

In the second half of the seventeenth century a rather notable family named Elstob lived in the county of Durham, where they had been settled, in an honorable position, for generations. Ralph Elstob, who was born in 1647, and died in 1688, availed himself of the proximity of Newcastle-on-Tyne, adopted a mercantile life, and married a merchant's daughter of that place. He belonged to the Merchant Adventurers, and was sheriff of Newcastle in 1686. A brother, named Charles, was in holy orders, and Prebendary of Canterbury in 1685.

Ralph and Jane Elstob had two children: the elder, a son, named William, born in 1673; the younger, a daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1683. Ralph's death in 1688 was followed in about three years by that of his wife. Thus, when Elizabeth Elstob was five and William fifteen, the Newcastle home was completely and finally broken up. Between the young people and the wide world stood the clerical uncle, Dr. Charles Elstob, the Prebendary of Canterbury, who fortunately had a wife who was able to inspire affection and gratitude. Under his guardianship William and Elizabeth were placed. The lad's career was a more pressing problem than the future of the girl. Every educational advantage was given to William Elstob. From Eton he went, probably as a sizar, to St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge; and afterwards, ostensibly for climatic reasons, migrated to Oxford, becoming first a commoner of Queen's, and afterwards, in 1696, a Fellow of University, in the palmy days of Charlett's reign as Master. He remained in residence until 1702, when he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury to the united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw in London.

Meanwhile, we are to fancy little Elizabeth growing up, under her uncle and aunt's care, at Canterbury, into a more and more undeniable endowment of good looks, and an equally undeniable outfit of talent. Her mother had recognized in her a marked aptitude for learning, and had done all she could to minister to it. But at eight years old the cleverest child is not capable of much specific education; and it fell

to Prebendary Elstob to deal somehow with the girl's opening and aspiring mind. His method and its results were of a kind of which the world has had other specimens. Elizabeth's tastes were for scholarship; and, in Dr. Elstob's opinion, scholarship was a masculine monopoly. She had a great gift for languages; and her uncle held that "one tongue was enough for a woman." She was sent to a boarding school in the town, and allowed, as a great favor, to learn French. But against Latin her uncle was inflexible, and so an inevitable rebellion broke out. To enter at the golden gate of scholarship Elizabeth Elstob had made up her mind; and, if she was not allowed to learn Latin openly, she would learn it secretly. She accordingly raked together vocabularies and such other materials as she could get at, and did her best, unhelped and forbidden.

Elizabeth's best could not, in the circumstances, amount to much, but her spirit was indomitable. In her difficulties she turned from her uncle to her brother, who, she knew, was by this time immersed in a warm atmosphere of culture and sympathy at Oxford. On the authority of her future friend, George Ballard, we learn that she wrote a long letter to her brother in French, in which she told him of "her inclination and affection to learning; what an inexpressible affliction it was to her to be retarded from the Muses. . . . and that nothing in this world could be a greater pleasure and satisfaction than to have a free liberty of proceeding in the course of her entirely beloved studies." William lost no time in making a practical response to this appeal. He asserted his brotherly authority; went to Canterbury; and took Elizabeth back with him to Oxford. This seems to have been in 1698, when she was fifteen. From that time she was her brother's regular companion, first at Oxford and then in London, until his death in 1715.

At Oxford the brother and sister lodged in St. Aldate's, then called Fish Street, just opposite Christ Church. Their intellectual life was chiefly shaped by an influence of curious interest in the history of scholarship. Those were the days when men began to study Anglo-Saxon. At all events, if the actual foundations of the study had been laid earlier,[1] it was in 1689 that the publication of Hickes's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, written in Latin, brought about its eminence. A succession of able men was attracted to Anglo-Saxon, and in due time an Anglo-Saxon chair was founded at Oxford. The nonjuring Hickes was the leader of this special cult, and his *Thesaurus*, published 1703-1705, was its most stately literary monument. Hickes was a near relative of the Elstobs, and his study became theirs also. William pursued it with enthusiasm and excellent results, both at Oxford and in London; and in his labors he had the fullest sympathy and co-operation from Elizabeth. She has told us how the passion of the "Septentrional learning" awoke within her. One of her brother's works was the publication of King Alfred's English version of Orosius. Elizabeth says:—"I was very desirous to understand it, and having gained the alphabet, I found it so easy, and in it so much of the grounds of our present language, and of a more particular agreement with some words which I had heard when very young in the North, as drew me to be more inquisitive after books written in that language." Soon after, she made a transcription of the Athanasian Creed, which was so good that Dr. Hickes allowed it to appear in Wotton's Conspectus of the *Thesaurus* published in 1708. The young authoress claimed the great man's favor as

[1] By Joscelyn, Archbishop Parker's secretary, and by Thomas Marshall, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

a gain, not only for her, but also for the cause of female education.

During her residence with her brother in London, from 1702 until his death in 1715, Elizabeth Elstob continued to lay the foundations of her reputation. She seems to have made her first modest venture into print in 1708, when she published the translation of an *Essay on Glory* by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the heroic romance-writer, who helped to amuse the world before the birth of the modern novel. This was the fruit of Elizabeth's early study of French at Canterbury, and it was dedicated to her aunt. It bears on the title-page that it was "done into English by a person of the same sex as the author." But she had already done more important work than this. "She had transcribed all the hymns from an ancient MS. belonging to the church at Sarum." This transcript was openly associated with her name.[2]

In the following year (1709) we get glimpses of our scholar through the Yorkshire antiquary, Ralph Thoresby. "Visited Parson Elstob," Thoresby writes in his Diary, under date January 22nd, 1709, ". . . and his ingenious sister Eliza. . . . She . . . is going to oblige the world with some Saxon tracts, and particularly a correct edition of the Psalms. She draws and paints curiously; they both wrote Saxon mottoes in my album."

One of the "Saxon tracts," we must suppose, was the annotated edition of the *Homily of S. Gregory*, with which "the Saxon Nymph," as she was beginning to be called, challenged the learned world in that year. It is a modest but beautifully printed and got up octavo volume, with the following title-page:—

"An English-Saxon Homily on the birthday of S. Gregory, anciently used in the English-Saxon Church, giving an account of the Conversion of the English from Paganism to Christianity, translated into modern English, with notes, by Eliz. Elstob." The text and translation are in parallel columns, and the notes are abundant.

The chief interest of this work for the general reader lies in the preface, which opens with a most spirited *apologia*, sounding the right of woman to the higher learning with the voice of a trumpet. "First,"—so rings out the challenge—"I know it will be said, What has a woman to do with learning? This I have known urged by some Men, with an envy unbecoming that greatness of Soul which is said to dignify their Sex. For if Women may be said to have souls, and that their Souls are their better part. . . . furthermore, if good Learning be one of the Soul's greatest Improvements, we must retort the Question: Where is the Fault in Women seeking after Learning? Why are they not to be valued for acquiring to themselves the noblest Ornaments? What hurt can this be to themselves? What Disadvantage to others? But there are two things usually opposed against Women's Learning: That it makes them impertinent, and neglect their household Affairs. Where this happens, it is a Fault. But it is not the Fault of Learning which rather polishes and reforms our Nature, and teaches us that Method and Regularity, which disposes us to Greater Readiness and Dexterity in all kinds of Business. I do not observe it so frequently objected against Women's Diversions that they take them off from Household Affairs. . . . I am more surprised, and even ashamed, to find any of the Ladies even more violent than they in carrying on the same Charge; who, despairing to arrive at any eminent or laudable degree of Knowledge, seem totally to

[2] It had the following title: "Cantica, Hymnos Symbola Fidei et Preces et Psalterii pervetusto Codice Manuscripto in ecclesia Sarisberiensi conservato Elisabetha Elstobia descripsit anno 1708."

abandon themselves to Ignorance, contenting themselves to sit down in darkness, as if they either had not Reason, or it were not capable, by being rightly cultivated, of bringing them into the Light. But these Persons have in themselves an answer to all their Cavils against Learning, and their Punishment: viz., the Punishment of their Ignorance."

Was the case for the higher education of women ever more vigorously or convincingly put?

Elizabeth Elstob abandoned the edition of the Psalms of which Thoresby wrote. Space forbids more than a passing reference to another essay in Anglo-Saxon scholarship, which was less abortive, but of which the success was quite incommensurate with the importance. This was an edition of those Homilies of Aelfric the Grammarian, which are one of the most noteworthy monuments of Old-English literature. They were to be treated as she had already treated the *Homily of S. Gregory*. We hear of the progress of the work from herself, from Thoresby, and from Hickes. Hickes had the highest opinion of her "incredible industry," and the value of her notes. In the early spring of 1713 she was at Oxford, and Hickes besought for her the help of Thomas Hearne, the Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian. Hearne, in spite of the genuineness of his scholarship, was blinded by prejudice; he had already denounced the *Homily of S. Gregory* as "a Farrago of Vanity," and more than hinted that the authoress's name on the title-page summed up her share in the volume. When "Mrs. Elstob" came to Oxford he contented himself with coldly wishing her good success, and greater encouragement than he had met with. The difficulty was to get such a work published. Elizabeth showed no lack of energy. She wrote twice to Lord Oxford, the Prime Minister, asking for Royal help towards the undertaking; and in June, 1714, the help was granted. Printing was begun at the Oxford University Press. The work was to be a splendid folio, and five or more of the Homilies were actually printed off. But support proved inadequate, and the enterprise had to be given up. Only one or two copies of what was printed exist, of which one is fortunately in the British Museum.

One other work of distinct mark belonging to this strenuous period attained completion. In 1715—the last year, alas! of Elizabeth Elstob's happy sheltered life in London—there issued from the press a thin quarto volume, entitled:—*The Rudiments of Grammar for the English-Saxon Tongue, First given in English, with an Apology for the Study of Northern Antiquities. Being very useful towards the understanding our ancient English Poets and other Writers. By Elizabeth Elstob.* Our fair Saxon, then, has produced the first Anglo-Saxon grammar in English! Of its place in the temple of scholarship it is for scholars to speak; but any reader can feel the force, as undeniable as that of wind or hailstones, of the Apology by way of preface. In all that Elizabeth Elstob wrote, there is an evident self-respect which obliges her to recognize the singularity of her intellectual position, but which never degenerates into conceited self-consciousness. The preface is in the form of a letter to Hickes. The authoress, in this undertaking, felt herself a champion, not, this time, of the right of woman to the higher learning, but of Anglo-Saxon as a noble and vital element of the English tongue. Her object was "to show the polite Men of our Age that the Language of their Forefathers is neither so barren nor barbarous as they affirm with equal Ignorance and Boldness." The more she thought of this ignorance and boldness, the fiercer and more forcible she became. "These Gentlemen's ill Treat-

ment of our Mother Tongue has led me into a stile not so agreeable to the Mildness of our Sex, or the usual manner of my Behaviour." Love of Saxon and fidelity to it were for this scholar a phase of patriotism.

Nothing could be more vigorous than Elizabeth's attitude and controversial method. What she chiefly fights for is the virtue of monosyllables in English. They were a special bequest of the Anglo-Saxons; and it was the fashion for critics to despise the gift. With the ruck of the despisers of short words Elizabeth will have little to do. She leaves "these Pedagogues to huff and swagger in the height of all their Arrogance." But the fortunes of war had given her a great antagonist. In May, 1712, Swift had published his *Proposal for Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, one of the most interesting indications of the literary sensitiveness of the age. Swift found in the current style "a perpetual disposition to shorten words," which he regarded as "a tendency to lapse into the barbarity of those northern nations from whom we are descended." He half seriously proposed that it should be counteracted by giving "the women" a kind of commission to refine and fix the language, it being, in his opinion, the tendency of feminine speech to suppress consonants, while it was from the suppression of vowels that the language was suffering. "More than once," Swift wrote, "when some of both sexes were in company, I have persuaded two or three of each . . . to write down a number of letters joined together. . . . and upon reading this gibberish we have found that which the men had wrote . . . to sound like high Dutch; and the other, by the women, like Italian, abounding in vowels and liquids." And he concluded:—"I cannot help thinking that since they (the ladies) have been left out of all meetings, except parties at play or where worse designs were carried on, our conversation has much degenerated."

Elizabeth Elstob liked neither Swift's theory nor his pleasantry; and she did not shirk an encounter with the great man in her preface. "I cannot but think it great Pity," she wrote, "that in our Considerations for Refinement of the English Tongue, so little regard is had to Antiquity. . . . This indeed is allow'd by an ingenious Person, who hath lately made some Proposals. . . . I never could find myself shock'd with the Harshness of those Languages, which grates so much in the Ears of those that never heard them. I never perceiv'd in the Consonants any Hardness but such as was necessary to afford Strength, like the Bones in a human Body, which yield it Firmness and Support. So that the worst that can be said on this occasion of our Forefathers is, that they Spoke as they Fought, like Men. The Author of the Proposal may think this but an ill Return for the soft things he has said of the Ladies; but I think it Gratitude at least to make the Return, by doing justice to the Gentlemen. I will not contradict the Relation of the ingenious Experiment of his Vocal Ladies, tho' I could give him some Instances to the contrary. . . . Perhaps that Gentleman may be told that I have a Northern Correspondence and a Northern Ear, probably not so fine as he may think his own to be, yet a little musical."

For the moment, Swift had met his match. Turning from him the preface proceeds to offer a brilliant defence of the monosyllabic and Anglo-Saxon element in English poetry, showing wide reading, fine taste, and excellent dialectic skill.

The *Grammar* was dedicated to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, the friend of learning and the learned. A personal introduction

took place about the same time; and Elizabeth Elstob, now thirty-two, might have seemed in a fair way to both fame and happiness. But now William Elstob died; and his death brought to his sister a lot of poverty, loneliness and struggle in uncongenial fields of labor, a lot which she had to endure for more than twenty years, until she was well on in her fifties, with old age close at hand.

Of those years there are few memorials, but such as exist are poignantly significant. There seems no reason to doubt that Elizabeth made her quarters in London for some years, though where, or in what surroundings, there is nothing to show. Abstruse scholarly enterprises were out of the question; for her daily bread she had, for a time at least, to depend on the kindness of another. The benefactor was Smalridge, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of Christ Church, whom Addison styled "the most candid and agreeable of all Bishops." Year after year the gifted woman, with all her capacities and potentialities, had to wait and hope for assistance and encouragement that never came, suffering, we may be sure, in addition to the stings of poverty, the painful glow of hurt pride. At last she made up her mind—what choice had she?—to keep some kind of school. She fixed upon Evesham as a promising field, and went thither accordingly. At this point an incident occurred which seemed to show that the Fates needed her no more. She put her manuscripts and books in the hands of a friend for greater safety. To her surprise and grief she heard soon after that the trustee of the precious property had gone to the West Indies; and neither of her nor of the manuscripts and books did Elizabeth Elstob ever hear again. Well might she write in 1748:—"It is at least thirty years since this happened to me. . . . It has made me very unhappy ever since, which, if my Friends were sensible of, I must believe they would avoid all occasions of bringing it to my remembrance."

After some further waiting and want, she set up a day school at Evesham. Each pupil at first paid her one groat a week; so we must hope that her pupils were many. For a long time she toiled on with this rate of emolument, "not without designs," as she afterwards wrote, which, however, were "unhappily hindered by a necessity of getting my bread, which, with much difficulty, labor and ill-health, I have endeavored to do for many years, with very indifferent success."

Early in the thirties things began to look a little better. A stickfast stone cannot help gathering moss; and Mistress Elstob began to make acquaintances and friends. Even in 1735 she was able to say that she had met with a great deal of friendship and generosity at Evesham. It was in some respects a lucky neighborhood for her. At Chipping Campden lived George Ballard, who, being the son of a monthly nurse, and himself no higher in the social scale than the rank of a ladies' tailor, was yet an intellectual enthusiast and an Anglo-Saxon scholar, and who gravitated, at the mature age of forty-four, to Oxford, and a bedelship there. A *rapprochement* between Elizabeth Elstob and such a man was natural and easy. At first they exchanged letters, and then a meeting was negotiated with some difficulty. Ballard invited Mrs. Elstob to Campden. But she replied: "The confinement of a school is such that were I to be absent from it one week I should be as long getting a school again as I was before." It would be better for Ballard to come and see her. "You will see a poor little contemptible old maid, generally vapor'd up to the ears, but very chearfull when she meets with an agreeable conversation."

Again, at Stanton, in Gloucestershire, lived a schoolmaster of French extraction, named Capon or Chapone, whose wife, *née* Sarah Kirkham, was a woman of individuality and influence, so that to be a *protégé* of Mrs. Chapone's was no small matter. Not far off was the home of Bernard Granville, the brother of Lord Lansdowne, the father of the delightfully epistolary Mary Granville, who became first Mrs. Pendarves, and then Mrs. Patrick Delany. Mrs. Pendarves and Sarah Chapone ("Sally Kirkham") were great friends.

These three, Ballard, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Pendarves, laid their heads and hearts together to help the poor schoolmistress immured at Evesham. Various more or less promising things were tried without success. One thing was certain, namely, that Mrs. Elstob could undertake nothing additional to her school work. "I must acquaint you," she wrote to Ballard, "that I have no time to do anything till six at night, and am then frequently so fatigu'd that I am oblig'd to lye down for an hour or two to rest my self and recover my spirits." The headship of a Charity School was promising, but Mrs. Elstob lost it through delay in correspondence. With reference to this opening she wrote to Ballard on March 7th, 1736, a letter from which we must quote:—"There are some things to be taught in such a School which I cannot pretend to; I mean the two Accomplishments of a good Housewife, Spinning and Knitting. Not that I wd be thought to be above doing any Commendable Work proper for my Sex, for I have continually in my thoughts the Glorious Character of a Virtuous Woman. 'She seeketh Wool and Flax and worketh willing with her hand.' And as an instance of the truth of this, the Gown I had on when you gave me the Favour of a Visit, was part of it my own spinning, and I wear no Stockings but what I knitt myself. Yet I do not think myself proficient enough in these Arts to become a teacher of them." Ballard had objected to the humble station of a Charity School. "As to your objection on the Meanness of the Scholars, I assure you, Sr, I should think it as glorious an Employment to instruct those Poor Children as to teach the Children of the Greatest Monarch." She expected the negotiations to fall through. "I am so inur'd to disappointments that I expect nothing else, and I receive these with as much easiness as others do their greatest prosperity. . . I often compare myself to poor John Tucker, whose life I read when a girl in Winstanley's Lives of the Poets, which affected me so much that I cannot forget it yet. He is there describ'd to have been an Honest, Industrious poor Man, but notwithstanding his indefatigable industry, as the Author writes, no Butter would stick on his Bread."

Bad health was now added to poverty. Mrs. Elstob's eyesight was failing; her memory was bad; her handwriting became conspicuously tremulous. "I assure you, Sr," she wrote to her faithful correspondent at Campden, "these long winter Evenings to me are very melancholy ones, for when my School is done, my little ones leave me incapable of either reading, writing, or thinking, for their noise is not out of my head till I fall asleep, which is often too late." In 1737 she had "a Fever," which laid her aside from work for some time. In spite of everything she maintained a habit of steady cheerfulness.

At a date as to which the evidence is uncertain, Mrs. Chapone wrote a circular letter to her friends, calling attention to so "crying a need for help," and this letter was brought to the notice of Queen Caroline. The Queen was much touched, and at once gave substantial help, the exact amount of

which is doubtful.[3] Whatever it may have been, the Queen's death in 1737 dried up this particular source of benefit. Happily, another soon appeared. One of Mrs. Pendarves' greatest friends was Lady Margaret Harley, granddaughter of the first Earl of Oxford, who married the Second Duke of Portland in 1734. In 1738 the Portlands had three children. They divided their time between their London house in Whitehall and the Duke's country seat of Bulstrode, on the southeastern slope of the Chilterns, about three miles from Beaconsfield, in Bucks. Here wealth and the charm of the Duchess made a home as delightful as it was sumptuous; here, Mrs. Pendarves was a frequent inmate, and her many letters from Bulstrode, as well as those of Mrs. Montagu, give a charming picture of the country life of the English aristocracy in the eighteenth century.

Young as her children were, the Duchess of Portland was looking out for a governess for them; and Elizabeth Elstob's Gloucestershire well-wishers were doing all they could to get the post for her. There were soon busy negotiations between the Granvilles and the Portlands; even Lord Oxford, the grandfather of the children, was keenly scrutinizing the qualifications of the future governess. She was expected to teach the principles of religion and virtue, to speak, read and understand English well, to cultivate the minds of the children (the eldest was not yet four), to keep them company in the house, and, when her health would permit, to take the air with them.

By Christmas, 1738, all was settled. Mrs. Elstob was to have £30 a year, reckoned from Christmas Day, though she was not to join the family until the following summer. As things turned out, she was not with them until the end of November, 1739, when she entered on her duties at Whitehall. At Christmas she wrote to Ann Granville, Mrs. Pendarves' sister, of her inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction. "Should I presume or pretend to enumerate all her Grace's perfections you . . . might with good reason think me extremely impertinent. I will, therefore, only tell you that I am every day more and more charmed with her. . . . The children, by their sweet endearing temper, plainly declaring whose offspring they are; they are very fond of me, and even the little Marquis" (by and by to be twice Prime Minister, once, as head of the Coalition Ministry in 1783, and again 1807—1809), "desires his nurse to bring him to 'Tob,' as he calls me." A month later she writes in the same strain to Ballard:—"My charming little Ladies take up my time so entirely that I have not the least leisure to do anything; from the time they rise till they go to bed they are constantly with me, except when they are with her Grace, which is not long at a time. . . . I think myself the happiest creature in the World."

There is, no doubt, something ludicrous in the idea of a sedate lady, nearer sixty than fifty, and one of the most eminent scholars of her time, as playmate and companion of such infants. The children, indeed, seem to have been clever. "Lady Betty" (the eldest), she writes in 1740, ". . . loves her book and me entirely, nor is she ever more happy than when she is with me, and we study together, even by candlelight, like old folks." And we must think of Mrs. Elstob, from this time onward, less as the governess than as the friend

[3] According to Mrs. Pendarves' version of the story, the Queen gave £100 to Mrs. Elstob, "and said she need never fear a necessitous old age whilst she lived, and that when she wanted more to ask for it, and she should have it." According to another account, the Queen first proposed to give an annuity of £20, and afterwards changed to a donation of £100, which she proposed to repeat at the end of every five years.

and inmate, the honored member of a circle remarkable for its suavity, virtue and intelligence. What Bulstrode was in those days all readers of Mrs. Delany know.

Elizabeth Elstob never left the household of the Portlands until she was carried to the grave in June, 1756. This concluding chapter of her life thus lasted more than sixteen years, years from which little can be gleaned except impressions of rather fluctuating content invaded by the growing weakness of age. On July 21st, 1748, she writes to Ballard of "illness in the head," which affected her memory. She suffered from "a contraction in the sinew" of her right hand, which made writing difficult and obliged her to give her "Sweet Ladys" the trouble of writing for her. Sometimes the demon of depression would assert his sway. On June 11th, 1750, she writes to Ballard: —"I am extremely ill, and can only add that I hate this ill-natured world and heartily rejoice to think I cannot continue long in it."

It was in this year that the typographist, Rowe Mores, made a pilgrimage to Bulstrode to see the wonderful northern lady "of an ancient family and genteel fortune," who had had her own types cut, at Lord Macclesfield's expense, for her Anglo-Saxon publications. Being an invalid, Mrs. Elstob received him in her bed-chamber; and, alas! Rowe Mores was ungallant enough to write afterwards of the lady in "her sleeping-room . . . surrounded with books and dirtiness, the usual appendages of folk of learning." The lady herself referred to the visit with more grace. "I was heartily grieved I was not able to show him the House nor prevail with him to drink anything."

The sense of the age's inappreciativeness of the cause for which she had worked so strenuously and brilliantly, recurs and makes her gloomy and bitter.

In January, 1752, she wrote to Ballard, who was preparing his book on Learned Ladies:—"This is not an age to hope for any Encouragement to Learning of any kind. . . . You can come into no company of Ladies or Gentlemen, when you shall not hear an open and vehement exclamation against Learned Women, and by those Women that read much themselves, to what purpose they know best. . . . The prospect I have of the next age is a melancholy one to me." The Bulstrode circle was in those years much occupied with *Clarissa*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and other such literary new births; and Mrs. Elstob was probably too old and serious to think there could be any "purpose" in such reading.

However, in spite of illness and disappointment, we must not think of regret as the dominant note of the closing years. Mrs. Delany, who was with the Portlands in 1753, in November of that year reported that Mrs. Elstob was "surprisingly well," and "in better spirits than ever I saw her in my life." Her best happiness was in watching the development of her charges, and especially of Lord Titchfield, the well-behaved and promising lad of whom everybody was so fond, who was at Westminster, and getting ready for Oxford.[4] The girls, too, of whom the favorite was the youngest, "the sweet Lady Margaret," satisfied the scholarly instincts of their governess.

The happy Bulstrode life flowed on, with its landscape-gardening outside, and the "shell-work" and "flower-work" indoors; there were the visits in the morning to the aviary and the lovely prize-bull; the long sessions in her Grace's dressing-room after dinner;

[4] In the "Dictionary of National Biography" the third Duke of Portland is erroneously stated to have been educated at Eton.

the music and the cribbage, and the volume after volume of the admirable and improving Richardson. From all this Elizabeth Elstob was gradually shrinking away; her fingers grew feebler, her memory worse. The winter of 1754-5 was made darker by sickness. Smallpox laid hold of the Bentincks, and the house became a hospital. Mrs. Elstob managed to crawl downstairs, with the help of Lord Edward, to see her young ladies when they were recovering. The angel of death hovered long over the circle. The duchess lost her mother in December, 1755. In the spring of 1756, when they were all at Whitehall, one after another was struck down by scarlet fever. The calamities culminated in the seizure of the "sweet Lady Margaret," who was "blooded and blistered," but in vain. She died shortly afterwards.

This blow was too hard. On April 20th, 1756, Mrs. Delany had written with a touch of asperity, that Mrs. Elstob felt so much for herself that she did not seem to think others as bad as they really were. But on May 24th, she wrote:—"Mrs. Elstob is gradually drawing towards that happy repose which we may presume so good a woman may obtain." She had difficulty in recognizing her greatest friends; she would have neither doctor nor clergyman. A Roman Catholic cousin alarmed the duchess by the frequency of her visits; but we do not hear that she did anything worse than bring chocolate to the invalid. In a few days more, on May 30th, Elizabeth Elstob passed away.

She was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Seventy guineas in cash were found after her death. Mrs. Delany was very anxious that she should leave something to her first benefactress Sarah Chapone; but, for some reason, Elizabeth Elstob had ceased to care for her.

It would perhaps be unreasonable to argue from her unwillingness to see a clergyman, that she was indifferent to religious matters. In 1739, in the early days of Wesley's movement, she wrote about an enthusiast in the cause:—"It is surprising to see how indefatigable he is in endeavoring to gain proselytes. . . . Pray God if it be His good pleasure to put a stop to these miserable delusions, for the consequence, in my opinion, seems to be very terrible." Such words indicate conviction of a kind.

At fifty-two Elizabeth Elstob had described herself as "a poor little contemptible old maid." Her portrait may be found in initial letters, both in the *Homily of S. Gregory* and the *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*. It shows a face of sufficiently piquant attractiveness to give real significance to the conventional phrase, "The Fair Saxon." And even in these days of emancipation and specialized knowledge, we may surely, in taking leave of her, endorse George Ballard's words: "Her superior talent was so very extraordinary as to make her the envy of this and the admiration of future ages."

David Watson Rannie.

THE ONE WHO STAYED BEHIND.

As far as I know, it was little Theo Duncombe who started the idea; but it was such an exceptionally good idea that it caught on like an epidemic, and people wondered why they had never thought of it before.

Duncombe was a man of some consequence in the outside world. Among other things, he edited a weekly paper of large circulation, religious tendencies, and considerable influence. The inch of blue pencil he carried in his waistcoat-pocket possessed the powers of a magic wand. A beneficent stroke of it would make a man happy and put money into his pockets; a quick dash of it shore the venom from many a hastily written paragraph and saved mountains of future trouble. Until its blunt nose had run like a little blue sleuth-hound over every line of those parts of the paper where danger might lurk in a word, the foreman compositor hung about in a state of flux, never knowing what hurried alterations might be required; but as soon as he saw the curly hieroglyph at the foot of a page he breathed freely and felt himself again. A man of consequence, a beneficent ruler, and his staff of office that scrap of blue pencil which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket—that was Duncombe in the outside world. At home he was under the arbitrary rule of his wife and his daughter Theo, and rejoiced in his servitude.

Theo was twelve, small, and sprightly. He told her sometimes that she was not much bigger than his bit of blue pencil, which she was in the habit of rooting out of his pocket and applying to base uses.

When he was asked by the committee of a certain large school at Willstead to go down just before Christmas and present the prizes to the boys, Miss Theo announced her intention of going with him.

"But you haven't been asked, Tiddlywinks," said her father.

"But they'll be glad to see me, of course, and mother too. The boys will like it ever so much better if we go too."

"Think so?"

"Sure." So they all went down to Willstead together, and Theo sat on the platform and stared with large eyes at more boys than she had ever seen all at one time in her life before.

"Nice boys," she said, with the air of a connoisseur, as they went home in the train. "They looked so very clean." At which her father laughed. "Well, I mean, bright—and sparkling. Where do they all go for Christmas, daddie?"

"I haven't an idea, Tiddlywinks," he said, looking at her thoughtfully. "I don't know where they go. To their friends, I suppose, if they go anywhere at all."

"But I thought their fathers and mothers were all missionaries."

"Yes."

"Well, then! They can't go to China and India just for Christmas, can they?"

"They may have other friends at home."

"Yes; but *have* they?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, I want you to find out if those two curly-headed ones at the end of the front row have anywhere to go to, and if not, ask them to come to us for Christmas."

Duncombe looked at her for a minute, and then across at his wife, and said, "That strikes me as not half a bad idea, you know. It's worth thinking over."

And he thought it over to such good purpose that the idea blossomed into an article in his paper the following week, with the result that some scores of youngsters who had expected to spend their Christmas holidays where they spent the greater part of the year, spent them in very much pleasanter quarters, and enjoyed themselves tremendously; and it all came out of little Theo Duncombe's appreciation of the two curly-headed boys at the end of the front row.

Theo got her two curly-headed ones, and neither they nor she had ever had such a Christmas in all their lives before.

That was the beginning of it, and after that the Duncombe house and a great many other very jolly houses were never without at least a couple of youngsters from the school at Christmas-time, and many hearts—not only the jubilant hearts at home, but anxious hearts away out on the fringes of the night—beat the happier for the idea put into little Theo Duncombe's head by the sight of the two curly-headed boys at the end of the front row.

That was many years ago, and the good idea has gone on growing, till now I believe it is no uncommon thing for the great school-house to be absolutely cleared of boys at Christmas.

But there have been times when there were more boys than invitations; and at such times some lonely little youngsters have had to stay behind, all the more lonely at thought of the high doings of the more fortunate ones, most of which they would hear all about later on, and not by any means diminished in the telling, I warrant you.

It is of one such time I want to tell you here.

Jack Carey was a bright, plucky little fellow of twelve and three-quarters, born in a South Sea island, where his father and mother and baby-sister still were. He had revelled in the wonders and beauties of the South Seas till he was ten, and then, for educational purposes, had been transplanted to the stronger atmosphere of England.

Baby Barbara had been born since his parents returned to their island, and not the smallest of Jack's desires for the quick passage of the next five years was his wish to set eyes on his unseen sister.

Among his mates he was known as Jackerry, and he took so kindly to the sports of his native land that he was already a hot man at cricket and footer, and had won the junior half-mile in his first term. He was of an exceptionally genial nature and a general favorite. He could swim like a fish, of course, and dive like a seal; he had had one or two fights for reasons which seemed to him sufficient, and had taken his win or accepted his licking with equal good humor.

Then one day, after an unusually pumping struggle on the football-field, he had flung himself down for breath on the wet grass—one can breathe so much better lying flat in wet grass than standing upright in cold air—and the result of that was six weeks in bed with rheumatic fever, and a very washed-out and dilapidated Jackerry at the end of the time.

"Doctor says heart's affected," said Jackerry nonchalantly when he came back among them, but with a touch of proper pride in the possession of so large a disability. "Got to take things easy for a time. No footer; no running. Beastly nuisance!" And the smaller boys, who had no practical experience in the matter of hearts, looked with awe upon the larger small boy whose pumping-machinery was under special medical supervision.

But elevation of mind through depression of strength, and consequent

deprivation of normal enjoyment, does not wear well, in a spirited small boy at all events; and Jackerry's heart, and the consequences it entailed, soon began to pall upon him. He would hang round the football-field watching the other fellows wistfully, and stealing a furtive kick whenever the ball chanced his way—not playing, you understand, but watching anxiously for the ball to come out, and rushing after it and sending it in again with hungry enjoyment. You couldn't call that playing, you know. But it was all he could do sometimes to keep from diving into the game and taking his old place; and what he could not do, in fact, he did his best to make up for in shouting. And if the masters had not received stringent instructions to keep him out of it he would have been into the thick of it, heart or no heart, like Douglas among the Saracens.

Then the Christmas holidays came. The holiday invitations had been dribbling in for weeks past, and the Head and the matron had been busy allotting the boys to their various billets. Jackerry's hosts of the previous year had suffered business losses, and were reluctantly out of it; and so, as it chanced, Jackerry was the sole martyr that Christmas, and had the whole premises to himself.

The matron was always as kind as the vicarious mother of two hundred small boys could possibly be to individuals; but now she was unusually gentle and considerate. For the doctor had impressed upon her that little Carey must be very carefully handled for some time to come, and above all must be subjected to no manner of sudden shock of any kind whatsoever. He would grow out of it, probably, by degrees and with care; but in the meantime he must be safeguarded even against himself and against his own vivacious inclinations. And, added the doctor, it was perhaps just as well that he should remain under her own motherly eye during these holidays.

So the matron promised to make it up to him in special little treats all to himself when they two were left alone, and Jackerry looked forward to not so very bad a time after all.

Nevertheless, when the very last of his fellows had marched away, bag in hand, face set seriously to the journey, eyes big with expectation, and a pervading sense of importance and responsibility, and of general detachment from the usual run of things, Jackerry felt very much out of it all.

One solitary small boy, to all intents and purposes sole tenant of a building in which two hundred meteoric spirits were wont to disport themselves, could not but feel lonesome; and Jackerry felt it right down into his bones. The corridors were suddenly grown twice as long as they used to be, and the big school-room and class-rooms twice as wide and more than twice as cold. Positively, one time Jackerry found himself cautiously counting the windows in the corridor to assure himself that it was not playing tricks, like that expanding and contracting room in the story.

For the first day or two it was not half bad to be able to wander about the place at will. He got a little mild amusement out of the black-boards in the various class-rooms, putting them to base and non-educational uses, which left them pale-faced and guilty-looking in spite of all his rubbing; though it is doubtful if Sherlock Holmes himself could have deduced more than a strong suspicion of libel from the lines that Jackerry's imagination could still trace there.

He sat in the Head's own chair in the big school-room and administered a jobation of extreme severity—though no one heard it but himself—to two hundred quaking souls, every one of whom was gloomily wondering which

of his own latest misdeeds was coming to light now. Jackerry knew the feeling right down to the wooden bench on which he usually sat.

He pinned Mivens with a piercing glance—Jackerry and Mivens were in dispute of late in connection with a set of Raatauan stamps, the promise of which Mivens had bartered for a set of Rarotongans, but had been unable to complete delivery because the mission to the Raatauan Islands had only been established a year, and had not yet got as far as stamps. He frowned sternly on Beswick, who was known as the Hindu, and was popularly credited with Eastern habits of mind regarding the little niceties of schoolboy honor which make for grace and uprightness. He threatened Gerson—who had given him a quite uncalled-for licking a short time before, though Gerson would probably have had something strenuous to say on the subject—with expulsion if he did not mend his ways and stop bullying fellows smaller than himself.

He did his very best to amuse himself, and did, in fact, succeed for a day or two in keeping the blues at bay by doing every single thing he could think of which in the ordinary course of things he would not have been allowed to do. But on a boy of active mind and body make-believe soon begins to pall. After a day or two he labelled it "rot," and began to look down upon himself for having descended so low as to find amusement in it.

The library was thrown open to him, and he dipped into it discursively, but found difficulty in selection through simple embarrassment of riches.

He was given the freedom of the countryside, with no bounds or limits save meal-times; he took some long walks and enjoyed the first exceedingly, found the second very much longer though he did not cover half the distance, and found himself so dull a companion on the third that he took no more.

And then he hated coddling—in theory at all events. Meals in the matron's cosy sitting-room were not half bad, it is true, and the small bedroom he occupied not far from hers was a distinct improvement on the big fifteen-bed dormitory—that is, in the mere matter of bodily comfort; but it lacked the companionship of kindred souls, and reminded him unpleasantly of his six weeks' imprisonment with the rheumatic fever. And as sure as he started out to do anything, Mrs. Matron's kindly voice was heard reminding him of the doctor's orders, and warning him against undue exertion or excitement.

Verily, Jackerry, though not by any means given to introspection, wondered vaguely at times what good there was in a boy being alive when he had had rheumatic fever and was saddled with a heart that wouldn't let him do anything.

Mrs. Matron did her very best for him according to her lights. She tried to amuse him in the evenings with draughts and so on; but Jackerry could work up no enthusiasm for draughts, though he dutifully shoved the pieces about and lost every game with courtier-like equanimity. She tried to get him to read aloud to her while she sat sewing; but Jackerry hated reading aloud, and boggled at it till she laughed and said that she saw that he did not like it. She took him out to a concert, which he would have appreciated more if it had been entirely composed of comic songs. She bought him a tiny camera, and for a day or two he enjoyed snapping everything he came across to the extent of his films; but when the developing of them resulted only in highly colored fingers and mysterious little black squares of curly paper with unrecognizable white gleams and smudges on them, his in-

terest in photography also suffered check. She took him up to London one day on a shopping expedition, and he enjoyed that exceedingly, and proved himself a pleasant and helpful little cavalier.

But Mrs. Matron's time was not exclusively her own, even in the holidays. There were extensive cleaning operations to be carried out, and she had friends of her own to see; and Jackerry found the time heavy on his hands.

He turned some of his ample leisure to good account by writing long letters to his father and mother in Rarotonga, and even printing special pages in big capitals for the benefit of Baby Barbara, though she could not possibly read them, because she was only nine months old. That did not matter. Writing to her made him feel more like having a sister. And he kept out of his letters every possible sign of mopiness, and painted his visit to London, and even the other little enjoyments which had ceased to please, in the most glowing colors. They must have been truly pathetic letters; and I do not think it likely they would have deceived any father or mother heart. The words told one story and the facts told another, and facts are facts; and, no matter what veil of words you hang before them, the mother-heart will see through it and understand.

Nothing to do, and overmuch time for it, generally leads to mischief, and the rule was not to be broken in Jackerry's case.

At the far end of the playground was a brick wall, originally round and smooth on top, but now ragged and broken by the scrambling of many feet. Beyond the wall was a strip of ground and a ditch of green mud. It took a jump of ten feet to clear the ditch, and that jump was one of the school tests. A fellow might pass the College of Preceptors and the Oxford and Cambridge Locals, and as many other exams. as he chose to swot for; but until he could manage the leap he had not attained his full stature in the school, and the ditch was rarely clear of victims.

It was only in the nature of things that whenever Jackerry found himself moping about the deserted playground his thoughts should run towards the wall and the leap as inevitably as water to a fall. Ordinarily one fell into the ditch amid the jeers of delighted onlookers. He had been in it himself dozens of times before his illness. Here was a rare chance to practise the troublesome leap unseen. And as to the doctor's orders—he would leap as lightly as possible, and how could a single jump like that hurt any one?

He scrambled up the wall. As he stood poised for the leap he saw Mrs. Matron coming swiftly towards him across the playground.

As Mrs. Matron glanced over her daily paper that morning her kindly face had stiffened suddenly and gone gray for a moment, and her breath stopped short. Then she went on quietly with her breakfast. But there was an inflection in her voice that had not been there before as she asked Jackerry if he would have some more coffee, and Jackerry looked up at her for a moment and thought to himself how very kind she was, and he did not notice how her hand shook as she poured it out.

After breakfast she went down into the village to the telegraph-office and sent off a telegram, and then she went home to wait for the answer, and found herself quite unable to work till it came. And when it came she bowed her head over it and wept, and then braced herself up and went out to do what had to be done, with fear in her heart as to the consequences.

For the paragraph she had read at

breakfast-time was a telegram from Sydney, and it said: "Latest advices from Rarotonga give particulars of the hurricane which devastated the islands on 1st December. Among the lives lost we regret to see the names of Rev. John Carey and Mrs. Carey and their infant daughter. They were crossing between Atiu and Takutea when the hurricane burst upon them and overwhelmed their frail craft. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Carey came ashore two days later on Atiu."

The telegram was from the secretary of the Society in London, and said briefly: "Regret to have to confirm sad news."

Out of the corner of his eye Jackerry saw Mrs. Matron coming, and fathomed her intention in half a glance. She would scold him, doubtless; but he would have this one try whatever she said.

He leaped, and fell into the ditch—and beyond it.

The matron gave a cry as she saw him spurn the wall. She scrambled up it somehow—how she never knew—slipped down the other side, struggled through the ditch, and drew the limp little figure out.

There was a determined smile on the bright face, and Mrs. Matron sat down on the ground with it in her lap and wept over it again. But at last she dried her tears, and said to herself, "God knew best. Perhaps it is better so."

For Jackerry had jumped farther than any boy ever jumped off that wall before, and he was alone no longer, but in the best of all good company. He had stayed behind, but he had gone on in front of all his fellows.

John Oxenham.

Chambers's Journal.

A SECOND VOYAGE TO LAPUTA.

CHAPTER I.

Notwithstanding that very honorable mention hath been made in several quarters of the plain relation which I have lately given of my voyage into the Antipacific Ocean, yet I have continued hitherto in the opinion that we are at present overstocked with books of travel, and the publick appetite well glutted on the narratives of the adventurous. And in particular I have foreborne to publish any account of the second visit which I made to the island of Laputa, thinking this to be a journey rather than a discovery, and not worthy to be reckoned among my Voyages, upon which I was ever wont to encounter something new as well as marvellous.

But now, by the advice of two or three worthy persons to whom I have privily communicated the remainder of my papers, I venture to send into the world these inconsiderable passages, hoping that they may be, at least for some moments, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

I am, therefore, to inform the reader that after my return from that which I have named my Last Voyage, I stayed but three months with my wife and children; for my active and restless life had bred in me a lust of wandering, which I was moved to satisfy, if possible, before my strength should leave me. I desired, however, in this my riper age not so much danger as diversion, and therefore resolved to

shape my course for Laputa and Balnibarbi, in which places I remembered to have suffered little or no apprehension for the safety of my person.

I took shipping then at Bristol on the 5th day of August, 1717, in the *Little Mary*, an old tub of good capacity but somewhat uncomfortable in rough weather. She carried a full cargo of Bristol milk, and was so deep loaded with it as to be half seas over during the most part of the voyage. I left her at Alaska, and chartered a half-deck fishing-boat in which to pursue the more private end of my adventure. Having stored this with victuals, I procured it to be taken in tow by the *Suni-jim*, a Japanese man-of-war homeward bound and commanded by a very obliging gentlemanlike officer. In his company I passed my time agreeably enough until he informed me that we were now by his lieutenant's observations in the latitude of 46° N. and of longitude 183°, this being the point at which I had told him I should be in the necessity of parting from him. We took leave of each other accordingly with many honorable expressions, and going on board my boat I cut the painter in fine weather a little before moonrise.

I shall not at this time trouble the reader with a particular account of my voyage to the main or continent of Balnibarbi, which lasted five days, and brought me in the dead of night upon the same coast whereon I had made my landing eleven years before. For the rest, I was now in a very different case, having a stout boat under me and no manner of disquiet in my mind. I had no need or inclination to seek out a cave for shelter, but lay aboard at my moorings till daybreak, when I landed, and began to look about with my perspective for some sign of the Flying Island. I discovered nothing all that morning, but about two in the afternoon, when I had taken some refreshment and was much inclined to sleep, I perceived all on a sudden the vast body of the island descending towards the elevation upon which I chanced to be lying. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold around it in every direction a number of opaque bodies of similar movement and appearance, but smaller in size by many degrees; and to hear proceeding from all of them a noise which for emptiness and monotony resembled the cawing of rooks or the bleating of sheep.

The principal island had now become stationary at a distance of about two English miles, but the others advanced nearer, and, as though animated by some feeling of emulation, descended upon me altogether. This gave me, I confess, some inward motions of alarm, but I soon perceived that their approach was in no way hostile to me. Upon each of them stood a crowd of people surrounding a single individual, who appeared to be in a position of authority, for on looking circumspectly I could see that when he shouted those about him shouted more loudly, and when he raised or lowered his arm they all with one consent waved their hats and handkerchiefs. I found by their gestures that I was plainly visible to all of them, and it soon appeared that it was the determination of each of the leaders that I should join that particular band by which he was surrounded, in order, as I afterwards discovered, that I might add my voice to swell his own peculiar cry; for I could now distinguish several different noises or notes among them, but mainly two, which I have already described.

I conjectured, however, by the energy which they displayed in their gestures that in proportion as I made myself acceptable to one or other of these parties, so I should be an object of hatred to the rest. I decided, therefore,

to attach myself at first to none of them, but to procure a footing, as I had formerly done, upon the principal island itself. I had acquired during my stay there a tolerable proficiency in the language and manners of Laputa, and I now made bold to proclaim in the loudest voice I could command, that my business was with his Majesty the King.

At this the several crowds turned again to their various leaders, and the whole of the smaller islands retired until the vociferations proceeding from them became once more as insignificant as the clamor of birds. The Flying Island, however, for so I shall continue to call the main bulk of this aerial system, now descended somewhat and moved to a position directly over me, those upon it having perceived my intention or being apprised of it by signals; a chain was let down from the verge, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself and was drawn up by pulleys into the royal city of Laputa.

CHAPTER II.

At my alighting my first concern was to inquire of those nearest to me what might be the meaning of the concourse of islands which I had witnessed from below. A civil person of the better quality answered me that these platforms, as he called them, were indeed new-fangled and illegitimate in their nature, being an entrenchment upon the royal prerogative; for, according to the ancient government of that kingdom, the people had no leader but the King himself, and it was not tolerated that his lieutenants or deputies should make for themselves platforms, except it were each in his own garden or park, where he was at home among his proper friends. But of late, as I now heard, it had come to this, so many Ministers, so many platforms, and each of them moving from place to place more rapidly and incessantly than the others, with danger to the State and much injury to private persons. For whereas at my first coming among this people I observed that their heads were all inclined either to the right or the left, with one of their eyes turned downward and the other directly up to the zenith, I was now shown how that the most part were no longer so, but carried their heads at all manner of strange angles, and some even twisted once and twice round upon their necks. And this, as it appeared, had arisen from the efforts which they made to follow the movements, counter-movements and revolutions of the several platforms in their aerial flight.

I then demanded of my informant whether these platforms were indeed as like to the principal island in their nature and working as they were in their outward appearance. He said no, that there was in truth a vast difference; for in the first place the royal island had its foundation upon a base of adamant many hundred feet thick and in all probability everlasting, while these were but ephemeral structures, some of rubble and pasteboard, some of laths painted to resemble iron; and in the second place the great island is sustained by the magnetic force of the loadstone embedded in it and past the power of man to remove. Whereas, on the other hand, the little platforms are wholly supported by a kind of gas, which must be continually supplied to them by their makers or directors; and this skill being almost entirely a gift of nature and dying with each possessor, every such platform in its turn must one day come to the ground and be broken. And I afterwards found that in what he told me of the frailty of these little islands my informant was within the mark; for in that country leaders will abandon their platforms

and make themselves new ones not only once in a lifetime but twice and thrice: and this they do when they find them uncomfortable or heavy to sustain or not much resorted to by the common people who assist at the making of gas—for this operation cannot proceed without the furtherance of a crowd. As for the use or meaning of these practices, they are upon the whole unaccountable, but I doubt not that they arise in some sort from the strong disposition which I formerly observed in the Laputans towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into publick affairs, giving their judgments in matters of State, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. And this quality, which they display both upon their platforms and in many other places, springs, as I have elsewhere noted, from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be more curious and conceited in matters for which we are least adapted either by study or by Nature.

It was necessary to give the reader the benefit of these observations, without which he would be at a loss to understand my emotions as I was conducted to the top of the island and from thence to the royal palace. When I was brought into the chamber of presence, I perceived that the King took not the least notice of us, being deep in a problem of mathematics, which he was considering with the aid of three of the most eminent among his financiers. His Majesty, like most of the Laputans, is exceedingly conversant with that kind of abstruse speculation in exact science. He hath invented a short method of calculations on the law of chances by means of numerical cards, and hath also composed thereon a manual, or "bridge for beginners," as they call it in their idiom. In problems of this kind the whole court is most diligently and profitably employed both by night and day, and the inferior nobility, so great is the influence of a salutary example in high places, are even more indefatigable, sacrificing to this only duty their affairs of all kinds, their wealth and most of the amenities of a social life. The temper of this devotion is with many so fervent that they have turned it, by the common bent of their national character, into a test of virtue and a proper part of their religion: they practise it accordingly upon their holy days more than at other times, and there is talk among them of a new coronation oath, by which the King upon his accession should once for all make a declaration of no trumps, as ours does of no Popery.

We attended an hour or more, during which I saw from a respectful distance one problem after another laid successively before his Majesty. He appeared to me to have a greater facility than any of his councillors for the conduct of these operations, and he presently rose from the table with an appearance of satisfaction which I did not remark in those who had assisted him. I was now presented, and made my duty in the customary form, when the King was graciously pleased to remind me of my first visit to his dominions. I replied that I had indeed had the honor of seeing him then, but it was during the reign of his predecessor and now eleven years since, so that I could but marvel at the tenacity of his Majesty's memory. And I was afterwards informed that both this prince and others of his family differ herein from many of the Laputan nobility, who will commonly fail to recognize the faces of some with whom they have met only the day before.

The remainder of our converse turned entirely upon mathematics. The King acquainted me with his preference for the study of kinetics, and asked me what principles we employed in my country for the sailing of yachts

and the lifting of cups, and what formulæ were in vogue amongst us for expressing the relative swiftness of horses. He also informed me that these animals were the cause of an approaching crisis in the affairs of State; for his nobles being seized upon by an inordinate love of speed, had caused to be invented a kind of go-cart which ran of itself, and were now for prohibiting the use of horses, pigs, or children upon the highways. The commoner sort, on the other hand, had brought in a bill making it capital to to be found travelling upon any publick road without visible means of persistence. This division proceeded to great lengths on both sides, with nightly maiming of horses and now and then considerable persons broken on the wheel: and it was still going forward when I left the island.

CHAPTER III.

After my first presenting to this illustrious prince it was not my good fortune to see him again; and for this reason. It hath ever been his especial care to provide for the sick and wounded in the hospitals of his kingdom, and to that end he maintains in divers parts of the country pens or breeding-boxes of a kind of fowl, whose flesh is very fit for the use of such afflicted persons. And since the work of killing these fowls for the table is both wearisome and dangerous, so that few or none can be found willing to perform it, his Majesty is accustomed to take it upon himself with the aid from time to time of such neighboring monarchs as are most humanely inclined. The birds are driven into narrow spaces by shouting and beating of well-disciplined troops, and are there despatched two at a time, or it may be singly; for in this business a man had need be fortunate as well as philanthropick.

The King therefore soon afterwards departing on this errand, I was minded to quit Laputa and resort to the mansion of my Lord Ladas, on the lower continent of Balnibarbi, where I had before had much hospitable entertainment. I was accordingly let down from the lowest gallery of the Flying Island in the same manner as I had been taken up, and proceeded without misadventure to the nobleman's country house, which, as I well remembered, hath the name of Durdans, or in our language, Primrose Hill. His Excellency received me in a little tent or tabernacle set up in a secluded part of the gardens, and hung with a pattern of horse shoes and rose berries. He bade me welcome with the most grateful condescension, but was pleased to warn me that I had come to a place of but poor entertainment, for he was now living more out of the fashion than ever, and spent his time for the most part in the lonely occupation of ploughing.

I perceived that although he spoke simply, yet he had meant more in his thoughts. I therefore ventured to inquire whether publick affairs no longer enjoyed his Excellency's attention. He answered that he had been in several minds upon this matter, but the last phase was forced upon him, and he was now intending to be reconciled with his friends some four or five times before the turn of the year. I asked discreetly what might be the urgent cause of these exertions. He replied, the condition of the Empire; for that since my last visit the country had been afflicted with a plague, of a kind unknown here since the dark ages, which under divers forms had depressed the vital spirits of the whole nation, and at last subverted the intellects of nearly one-half. That this disease customarily began with a period of imaginary depression, hatred of neighbors, suspicion of universal conspiracies, and

fears of approaching ruin; it was then developed into one or other of its specific forms, which were all of them of the nature of delusions or desires *contra naturum*—such as Dumpophobia, in which the patient exhibited an insane impulse to expend money unnecessarily; Tariffyxia, when he would subtract in the belief that he was adding, call robbery protection, prosperity bankruptcy, and so on; or Fiscalitis, when the faculties were so gravely disturbed that two and two, for example, would appear to be equal now to five, and now to three, or eighteen farthings to eight million pounds, and in general every set of figures to mean anything that the imagination might propose to itself.

Having practised the art of Surgery in my youth, I could not but admire to hear of a form of mania quite unknown among my own more fortunate countrymen; but I demanded of his Excellency, since he was no physician, whether he had not intended to speak rather of disease in the body politick than in the persons of individual citizens. He replied that I had not heard all; that this malady had been sporadic and in a manner harmless, until it had attacked a chief member of the Government, when it had suddenly taken the proportions of a publick calamity. That this had come about not so much by the further spreading of the disorder among the common people, which was little to be apprehended in so wholesome an air, as by the infecting of a number of the other Ministers. Whether or no they had indeed taken the malady, his Excellency could not determine, but the result was the same, for being very desirous of an unanimous spirit in the State, they resolved if they could not turn back their colleague to sanity, then to convert the rest of their countrymen to madness.

An argument was therefore prepared and issued by the Pamphleteer, as they call the First Lord of the Treasury, showing how the glory of science is to conquer nature and not to follow it; so that it behooves a nation, if they would advance themselves, to be in all things unnatural. The conclusion was that in all kinds of publick affairs the policies and methods of former generations must be fundamentally reversed.

His Excellency was good enough to give me many examples of the proposals whereby his policy was put into action; but the greater part have escaped my recollection. I remember, however, some few of them, such as that henceforth the Colonies were to govern the Mother Country, and the caucus to direct the Cabinet; Ministers were to be the least distinguished of the House of Commons, and the Premier to be the least powerful in the Ministry; curates to instruct bishops, and sergeants officers; the cavalry to be unhorsed and the infantry mounted; traders to sell in the cheapest markets and buy in the dearest. Certain other proposals of a like kind were abandoned, because, though sufficiently unnatural, they were believed to be impossible of execution; as that orders be given for merit, and appointments for knowledge of affairs; that the War Office be organized for war, the Navy trained to use their great guns, and children instructed in religion by those who believe in it.

CHAPTER IV.

This Lord Ladas was a person of the first rank, and had been some years Governor of Lagado, the capital town, and afterwards of the whole kingdom; but, by a cabal of Ministers, was brought to a desire for retirement. At the time of my arriving he seemed, however, in a fair way to be employed again. Yet I discovered in him no sign of his being hurried or over-eager

for this turn of fortune; for he was, of all those whom I remember to have seen in politicks, the one most strenuous in biding his time, and, besides that, the most apt to stand apart and find diversion in looking down upon the extravagant behavior of his fellow men. And this I observed particularly when he took me into the town of Lagado to visit the grand Academy of Projectors; for by that name I had formerly known it, though it was now entitled the Imperial University of Technical Science.

I inquired what might be the meaning of this change and was told that it imported much; for that afflicted Minister of whom I had before heard spoken had obtained a monopoly to call by the name of "Imperial" anything in which himself had a concern, and to forbid the use of the word to others who could show no such privilege. And for the rest of the former title, he disliked it heartily, having been called a projector himself in his saner days, which at present he abjured and utterly put from him; whereas the mere sounds of "technical" and "science" and "university" were now taken by the crowd for a charm or magick not less effectual, as I understood, than that blessed word Mesopotamia hath long been among our own people. So that the Academy was very fitly renamed, seeing that this Minister was now the Governor, Dean, and Principal Lecturer therein, the First Lord or Pamphleteer being his Sub-Dean or Deputy.

By this time we had entered the great gate of the University, and I found it to be much enlarged since my former visit, but the newer part of the court was in a taste which assorted ill with the older, and seemed less substantial in the building. Upon ascending the great stair we asked for the Sub-Dean, and were ushered at once into his room. We found him not yet arisen from his bed, though it was long past noon; but he received us with the most urbane effrontery and took us into his own workshop, where he bade us be seated upon the front bench. He had been employed, as he told us, for a year or more upon a project for making hay of everything. I asked him what he found to be the best material for this purpose: he replied that he had lately experimented upon an old wooden cabinet with good success. The method was to break it up very fine, to cast away the stouter portions, and add a little chaff or straw to the remainder; he thus obtained a litter of passable appearance, though hardly palatable enough for stable use. The process, he assured me, was an infallible one, and he intended to practise it upon every kind of matter that came in his way.

This Sub-Dean was undoubtedly a person of the most fertile invention, for he told us that the next ten or a dozen rooms were all of them used by himself for his own experiments. We assured him that we had rather bestow our time upon visiting these than any others, at which he seemed well satisfied. He then showed us a room in which he was about preparing a new project for the making of warming-pans out of materials such as would commonly be thought the least suitable, and therefore the more easily come by. For an example, he had lately found in a corner a disused pad such as boys have for keeping the wicket in their games of ball: this he had lined with tin, and was even now making trial of it in the Governor's own bed. It was not, he said, deficient in capacity, and since subtlety was nothing to the point in a warming-pan, he expected it to do very well for such brief time as it might be required.

In the next room he had several young men employed in drawing the mechanism of a new kind of revolver.

This project was not yet brought to a completion; but from what I was shown of the plan I judged it to be as like to cause an injury to the holder as to any one else. Upon this I was told very courteously that I had mistaken its purpose; for it was to be loaded with blank and wadded with any soft stuff, such as lambsdowne. My opinion was still that it might easily burst, to which the reply was, that it was not designed to be shot off, but to be used only for pointing and for the moral effect.

We then entered another room very little and dingy, but encumbered with a multitude of clerks. This place, as the Sub-Dean informed us, had been a toy manufactory time out of mind, and many thousands of dolls were there turned out by the year, in full dress. But the demand for the common sort of toy-soldiers being now very pressing, and a project for making them out of paper having come to no good end, he had bethought him of procuring a supply of old ship timber from Belfast, from which he looked for the best results. I saw something of this timber; it was heart of oak and sound enough, but a little particolored, of an orange tint.

The next room was a private chamber in which the Sub-Dean discharged his office of Pamphleteer, according to a project not less new than the others which we had seen. He had here collected a vast number of torn golf-cards, the most of them being clean or very nearly so. These he made up into little books of not more than one thousand words each, which he sold in great numbers, advertising them very artfully as economic Notes; for the word "cheap" is now held to be improper, though the quality of cheapness is privily as much favored as ever it was.

In a little closet behind this room we were shown an ingenious machine devised some years before, and at present laid aside, for converting gold coins into silver, by which the projector declared the country would be much advantaged. But let gold be once of no more value than silver, then silver would be worth as much as gold, and a debt of a pound could be repaid with more ease than before. This was, he said, a great benefit from a small change; but it was the kind of small change that a nation of money-lenders did most dislike. For my part, being asked my opinion, I confessed that this project seemed to me as well included under technical science as anything I had seen in the Imperial University.

CHAPTER V.

Our converse was broken at this point by a messenger from another part of the building, who informed us that the Dean himself was in the great hall, delivering a lecture; that he had been at it some two hours already, so that if we would hear him we had but little time to lose. I was overjoyed at this chance befalling, but my Lord Ladas, to his great sorrow, was constrained to forego it for himself, having by ill-luck appointed that hour for a certain person to wait upon him at his town house. We therefore took leave of the Sub-Dean, and went our several ways; the messenger conveying me to the great hall, where he made way for me to enter with some difficulty.

I inquired of him before he left me what might be the subject of the discourse I was to hear. He told me that it was upon the Religious Aspect of Arithmetic, which surprised me not a little; and I observed that a good part of the audience were also by their countenances perplexed or disappointed. These were a rustic sort of folk, laboring men and farmers, who had come, as one of them informed me,

from the nearest poorhouse in the expectation to be shown how their broken state might be repaired. They made some murmuring among themselves, but not loudly, being under the eye of their Chaplin, who had brought them thither; and several times at his bidding they gave applause, but not, as I thought, very hopefully.

The Lecturer was at a distance from me; but standing on a very elevated platform and turning continually about he contrived to keep himself in view of all. He was attended by a number of pupils in manner of a bodyguard, wearing the uniform of the Imperial Salvation Army, of which he was the founder and General. Upon his right and left hand stood two young men holding a kind of rag-bag or wallet, such as children use when woolgathering, from which they furnished him with figures whenever he paused for scantness of breath or of argument. They were veiled and blindfolded, so that the audience should not see their faces nor they the order of the figures, which appeared as if chosen at haphazard. These, as often as he received them, the Lecturer wrote down upon a blackboard and added them up aloud. If by chance the sum did not answer his expectation he rubbed it out quickly, saying very truly that it was but an illustration of his ideas and of no moment. When he had done this several times, he left the board on a sudden and made as though he would find something in the hinder pocket of his coat. Then, rising to his full height he held forth in each hand a bun newly baked. By these, he said, it was clearly shown how carefully his examples had been cooked, for five pennyweights of flour had gone to making the one and but four to the other, yet he would pledge his hat that the two were now of equal size: the secret being that the deficiency was made up by the adding of some tea-leaves kindly lent by the Secretary for War.

At this the hall was filled with a tumult of cheering, and the Lecturer passed by an easy transit to his peroration. He warned his hearers in a tone of deep solemnity that although their Imperial system was based upon religion, yet even religion was nothing without arithmetic. It was not religion but arithmetic that would enable them to keep up Colonial bonds, to achieve the perfect Trust, and to leave a first-class security to every one of their descendants. But the arithmetic now practised among them was obsolete and unscientific; it had served for fifty years and was naturally worn out by long use. They must wake up: they must enfeeble themselves no longer by taking foreign food—above all by taking it lying down. Let them remember that one man's boom is another man's doom, and that in Imperial races the devil takes the hindmost. Let them follow manfully the sacred rule of a black eye for a black eye, and they might yet bring back the good old days when their nation lived under the blessing of divine protection.

At this moment, from some cause or other, I felt myself seized upon by a violent attack of nausea. I was conveyed from the hall to the town house of my Lord Ladas, who comforted me as well as he could and sent me two of his own physicians. They pronounced my complaint to be a kind of homesickness, which I had by all likelihood brought with me. So soon, therefore, as I could travel I took farewell of his Excellency and sailed for England, thinking myself fortunate to have escaped with my life. For my own belief was, and still is, that I had suffered some contagion or poisoning of the blood.

WHISTLER THE PURIST.

Whistler of all men was essentially a purist—a purist in every sense of the word, both as man and worker. As a man he was sadly misunderstood by the masses. Whistler's nature was ever a combative one, and his long and brilliant career was a continuous fight throughout. He revealed himself only to the few, and even that small inner circle, of whom I was one of the most devoted, saw the real man but seldom. But on those rare occasions Whistler could be gentle, sweet, sympathetic, almost feminine, so lovable was he. And he was, as I said, essentially a purist. No one has ever heard Whistler tell a story which was not absolutely refined; such a thing would be impossible, for he never had a vulgar thought. And everything he did was done as a purist. For instance, even in so small and apparently unimportant a detail as the dressing of his hair Whistler was most particular. Many people thought him vain, but that idea is quite a false one; Whistler treated his hair, as he could not but treat everything about him, purely from the artistic standpoint, as a picure, a bit of decoration. Many a time have I been with him to his hairdresser's in Regent Street, and very serious and important was the dressing of the master's head. Customers ceased to be interested in their own heads, operators stopped their manipulations—every one turned to watch Whistler having his hair dressed. I myself was quite indifferent which way my hair might be shorn, so amused and interested was I in watching the master. But he himself was supremely unconscious, the bystanders troubled him not at all. And the process was roughly this. The hair was trimmed, but left rather long, Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the attendant in the glass. And the poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated his scissors. And well he might, for was not this common barber privileged to be thus an instrument in the carrying out of a masterpiece—a picture by the master? The clipping once completed, Whistler would wave the operator imperiously on one side, and we watched for awhile the back view of this dapper little figure surveying himself in the glass, stepping now backwards, now forwards. Suddenly, to the intense surprise of the bystanders, he would dive his head into a basin of water and half dry his hair, shaking it into matted wet curls. Then with a comb he would carefully pick out the white lock, a tuft of white hair just above his forehead, wrap it in a towel, and walk about the room for from five to ten minutes pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his eyes. This stage of the process caused great amusement at the hairdresser's. Still pinching the towel Whistler would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (to have combed it would not have given the right quality), until it fell in decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air —Whistler wanted a comb! This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume, and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say two words—"Menpes, amazing"—and sail triumphantly out of the shop. Once he got into a four-wheeler, put his head out, the hat just touched the window and disarranged his hair. Whistler stopped the cab, got out, re-

entered hairdresser's, and the whole thing *da capo.*

Then again in his mode of dress he was consistent to his artistic conceptions. His was not an attempt at eccentricity, for many a time I have been with Whistler to his tailor's and watched the master being measured and tried on; and although his directions to the fitter were very particular and extraordinary, yet it was always the artist who talked, and not the vain man of fashion. Whistler wanted to produce certain lines in his frock coat, and he insisted upon having the skirt cut very long, while there were to be capes over the shoulders which must needs form graceful curves in sympathy with the long flowing lines of the skirt. The idea of wearing white duck trousers with a black coat was not conceived in order to be unlike other people, but because they formed a harmony in black and white which he loved. His straight brimmed-hat, his cane, the way he held his cane, each and every detail was studied, but only as a means of forming a decorative whole. Whistler copied other people's peculiarities of dress occasionally—boots, collars, hats, &c.—but, once worn by him, thenceforward they were always exclusively his, and any one who wore the same articles he declared to have stolen them from the master.

One of the most interesting periods of my friendship with Whistler was at a time when he was handling his exhibitions. I had the infinite privilege of being of some small assistance to the master during three separate exhibitions. And in the arrangement of his works Whistler showed himself more than ever to be a purist. I remember one exhibition called "flesh color and gray." It was a revelation to me. I had never imagined that one human being could be so complete in minute details as Whistler. He missed nothing, absolutely nothing, and he dominated to an extraordinary extent. He decided that the decorations for this exhibition should be flesh color and gray, and insisted upon the color scheme overflowing into Bond Street and oozing out *viâ* the "chucker out," whose uniform was to be gray with flesh-colored facings. This man, after a month of standing outside Whistler's show, was touched with the master's enthusiasm, and eventually became one of his most earnest students, and was to be heard expounding Whistler's theories to his open-mouthed fellow-cronies around the corner. I overheard him one day asking a superior if he should clean the "toney" from the windows, dirt being an unknown word in Whistler's vocabulary, and one which was always translated into "tone."

The poor fellow, after the exhibition was over, was completely demoralized; he then felt that he was quite unfitted for his career as "chucker out," and drifted off into a totally new scheme of life, never to return to his old haunts. I remember well, when all the pictures had been hung to Whistler's satisfaction, the little dinners he used to give us at the Arts Club. We would all meet together there and proceed to price the pictures, and the result of our pricing was amusing. Whistler always gave what I called "exhibition wine"; it was not genuine champagne, but it sparkled—in short, it was a sort of gooseberry scheme. The master never partook largely of it himself, but the pupils did, and it affected us in a curious way, inasmuch as the prices mounted higher and higher with every additional glass. Whistler would say, "How much for the shop with the blue band? Shall we say forty-five guineas?" We sipped the gooseberry wine, and a murmur of dissent was heard while one of our members would say, "No, no, let it be fifty." Another, becoming excited, would sug-

gest fifty-five, and the master, leaning back with his pencil poised in readiness above the sheet, would say, "Well, gentlemen, shall we put it down at sixty?" And so we would continue throughout the evening until the pictures were priced at what were then fabulous prices. Under the influence of gooseberry wine we had really become prophetic; we were placing Whistler where he should be placed—on a lofty plane. These prices seemed extraordinary to outsiders, and even we ourselves had our misgivings the next day when the catalogue was printed, and the east wind was blowing and gooseberry wine was no more. And the sales unfortunately confirmed our fears. I remember that evening well. It was Press day, and we all met together at the gallery and discussed the prices by the cold unsympathetic daylight, and the result was that when Whistler appeared we were all a little sheepish and depressed. But the master entered, looking brilliant and sparkling, with spirits like champagne, and with a few words he soon picked us up again. For of course he knew the value of his work, and he soon impressed us with his own views, dealers and all. He hypnotized the dealers, as he did every one else, and they worked for him loyally. They showed the right spirit; it mattered not to them whether they sold the master's pictures or not; they felt that it was sufficient privilege merely to exhibit them.

Whistler came in literally bubbling over with joy. "Now," he said, "I can't have this. You must smile. Be merry, laugh all of you." And it was pathetic to see the dealers and the pupils mechanically working up smiles to please the master, many of them producing no more than a sad sort of "grin." The master swept one rapid glance round the gallery. "There is only one thing missing, gentlemen," he said, "to complete the picture which this gallery should create—and that is the butterfly, a large painted butterfly on the wall." And there and then a ladder was brought, for Whistler wanted the butterfly to be almost upon the ceiling. It was a most anxious moment for all concerned—the master trusting himself on a ladder, we below were breathless. The ladder jolted, and Whistler bobbed as he aimed at the wall with his long brush, but each bob caused a stroke in the right position, and the butterfly, in shorter time than it takes for me to tell it, was completed, caught as it were on the wing; it was obvious to us that the Whistler butterfly had pulled the exhibition together. The first press man to enter was a very small, insignificant little personage, and he had the effrontery to address Whistler, not knowing that he was the master. "Where are the pictures?" he asked, evidently imagining himself to be in the entrance to the gallery. Whistler was furious and screamed aloud at him. The little press representative, to say the least of it, looked scared and almost as though he wished the earth might swallow him; but Whistler, looking over his head, mercilessly shouted to the attendant, "Who is this man?" with a strong emphasis on the last word. "Mr. ——, representative of 'Funny Folks,' sir," replied the commissionaire. Whistler gave one of his eldritch screams of laughter, and I fled from the battlefield in dismay.

I have given you an example of Whistler as a purist managing a one-man show, but Whistler the president of an art society was infinitely more witty. He carried out his character of purist to a remarkable extent—in a word, he figuratively took off his coat and set to work to cleanse the society vigorously with the hot water and soft soap of his own good taste. And it was an exceedingly interesting experiment! Personally I would not have

missed one of those remarkable meetings with Whistler as president. It was incomparably witty, and I laughed at times until I cried, while my mirth was drowned by the angry shouts and complaints of the members about me. Never in this world has there been, nor probably will there ever be again, such a president as Whistler was then. He was among presidents quite unique. As to the duties of his position he was not quite clear, but he had in his mind certain fixed improvements and certain facts of which he wished to speak—and he spoke. The result was, as will be seen, disastrous for all concerned. A president at a meeting is supposed to encourage the members to talk and give their opinions, but that was not Whistler's idea at all; he sat up there on his president's chair and talked to them himself—talked to them for hour upon hour, brilliant, flowing, caustic talk, talk which made them stagger and well-nigh swept them off their feet. Was this the same man whom they had elected as president? the members whispered one to another—this brilliant epigrammatic individual who talked not to them but at them?

One of the first things Whistler did was to make a member of myself. He took me under his wing, as it were, and engineered me into the society in an incredibly short space of time. Myself and a few of us, all friends of his, Whistler gathered together and formed into a species of inner circle whose sacred duty it was to fight for the master. On the night before one of the exhibitions during Whistler's term of presidency we all met together at his studio, where he explained his plan of campaign to cleanse the society. I, as a member of the hanging committee, was especially instructed to be ruthless in rejecting pictures. He impressed upon me the necessity of saying "Out, out, out"; he said, "Never weary, Menpes, of saying 'out.' We want clean spaces around our pictures; we want them to be seen; the British Artists must cease to be a shop." And out they went one after the other, until very few and select were the pictures reserved for the exhibition. But those few were hung faultlessly and in a decorative pattern on the walls, with plenty of wall space round each. Undoubtedly these pictures were shown at their best advantage.

Whistler started by redecorating the gallery, "cleansing" it, as he himself put it, procuring a neutral tone, and rejecting all other hangings and decorations. I remember well we used muslin to festoon with, and unfortunately towards the ceiling the material ran short, and certain of the battens were left exposed. But Whistler allowed this paucity to pass, and when I suggested that perhaps the critics might complain, calling the gallery unfinished and a skeleton, Whistler said. "If they complain we can simply tell them that the battens form decorative lines and well placed," and in a very short space of time he had quite convinced himself and all of us that these exposed battens were indispensable to the scheme of decoration. But somehow or other the neutral tone of the walls and the decorative hanging did not seem to appeal to the average British Artist; the society felt that, although artistically they might be improving by leaps and bounds, financially they were becoming just as rapidly ruined. Yet all these men had in their innermost hearts a great though reluctant regard for the master both as critic and painter, perhaps more especially as critic. And on the morning of the first exhibition, when all the pictures had been hung and the arrangements completed, all the members assembled in the gallery to await the arrival of the master. He was late, and many were the nervous conjectures as to what he would be likely to say concerning such and such

a picture, whether he might praise or condemn each man's special work. At last it was said that the master had arrived. There was intense excitement; we felt conscious and strained, yet tried to appear at our ease. The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery humming a French chanson and, never noticing the assembled members, walked straight up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backwards now forwards, canting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket-handkerchief. We watched him open-mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us, and uttered but two words—"Bravo, Jimmy"—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while. Whistler was very amusing in his attempts to "cleanse" the society; in the teeth of opposition from the British Artists themselves he left not a stone unturned to complete their artistic triumph. The smallest detail was treated by him with importance. For instance, there was the signboard that was a cruel thorn in the master's side for quite fifteen minutes, during which time he sorrowfully regarded it before the board was ultimately displaced and sent off to his studio, where with a few sweeps of his brush he transformed the Reckitt's blue enamel and white lettering of the original into a large well-placed butterfly and a lion on a red ground, while the "Royal Society of British Artists," printed in small black letters, did not at all interfere with the harmony of the whole. Then, again, of the society's note-paper and the stamp upon it Whistler did not approve. Immediately he designed another, a small red lion, decorative and dainty in the extreme. On the first proof sent from the stationer's he wrote me a little letter. And to show what a joyous, light-hearted, almost boyish man the master could be on occasions, I feel I must repeat to you this letter: "I write on the official sheet, oh dear and most respectful one, because I am in love with the look of it. Isn't it really brilliant and fascinating as a picture? And my little red lion, isn't he splendid and well-placed?

"What's the use——"

This letter I kept, as indeed I have kept and cherished all Whistler's letters.

At last the climax came; Whistler's ideas were too pure for the society; he was cleansing them too thoroughly, and the society rebelled. There was a strong agitation to depose Whistler and place another president in his stead, and the discussion took place at a meeting. There were two or three members who were very fluent speakers, and they attacked Whistler on the lines of his having taken away from the dignity of the society. They accused him of having brought too many eccentricities among them; it was impossible, they said, to keep pace with such ideas, and also their pictures were not selling. Whistler's reply to this attack was stupendous! He withered them as they sat there, withered them and turned yet again to grind his heel on the faded fragments of the fight. He put on his eyeglass and looked round on this circle of British artists—a slow, comprehensive, meditative stare. And then at length he said sweetly and with some concern, "You know you people are not well. You remind me of a shipload of passengers living on an old tub (the society) which has been anchored to a rock for many years. Suddenly this old tub, which has seemed disused and incapable of putting out to sea to face

the storm and stress of the waves, is boarded by a pirate. I am the pirate. He patches up the ship and makes her not only weather-tight but a perfect vessel, and boldly puts out to sea, running down less ably captained ships, leaving a stream of wreckage in her wake. But, lo and behold, her triumphant passage is stopped, and by the passengers themselves; for, unused to the strange and unaccustomed movement, they are each and every one of them sick and ill. But, good people, it is merely a matter of habit; soon you will not feel it, and you will live to thank your captain. Then you complain of my eccentricities. But mark you, dear people, you invited me into your midst as president because of these same so-called eccentricities. You elected me because I was much talked about and because you imagined that I would bring notoriety into your gallery. Did you imagine that when I entered your building I should leave my individuality on the door-mat? If so you are much mistaken, I am still Whistler, the so-called eccentric, still the master."

In this article I have spoken of Whistler as president, Whistler in connection with his own personal appearance, and many other sides of that great man's character; but it was Whistler the etcher that appealed to me more closely, for it was as an etcher that I had the privilege of serving him, and more especially in the printing room. Everything connected with Whistler's etching was absolutely pure and right; from the first stroke on the copper plate to the printed proof, every detail was carried through to perfection. For instance, take the paper that the plate was printed on. Now Whistler would think nothing of going on a trip to Holland in search of old Dutch paper, and many a time have I joined him in this interesting hunt. These golden sheets of Dutch paper gave him just the ground he needed in order to receive the lace-work of etched lines. And Whistler economized each line so as not to destroy the breadth of the picture. His idea was that the sheet of golden Dutch paper should come as nearly as possible to represent the sheet of burnished copper. The sheet of paper was to Whistler as the broad tone of nature, and only a few lines were needed to caress it into form. To have attempted to get what the French call "values" Whistler felt would be an absurdity; it would be straining the medium. And then the handling of the plate: the way he would paint it with acid, putting it on daintily with a feather, instead of, as most etchers do, stopping out and protecting the back with varnish before plunging the whole into a bath of acid. Whistler in his method of painting was just as much a purist; there too he never strained his medium. He always started with the tone of the panel or canvas as near as possible to the general tone of the picture as he could get it, instead of, if he were painting a dark-toned picture, beginning with a white ground and then struggling to kill it.

The "followers" as we called ourselves—that is to say, the few men who surrounded Whistler—were not quite successful as purists. We tried to be so pure that we produced faces without any features—simply a fleshy mass. London from the top of hansom cabs, too, was a failure, the technique was somewhat shaky, and sad low-toned ballet girls who became all the rage with us two months later, ballet girls painted in the low tones of Whistler, were not in great demand. At a later period we took to living in cafés by day and night discussing art. Soon after this we dispersed, and the reason for our disbandment was that some one suggested that we should treat art from the athletic standpoint and hit out from the shoulder. At

that period the features of our portraits were a little out of place; it was the death-blow of the pure period; the purists were thenceforward known no more, the sporting instinct was rife among us, and art for the time abandoned.

Mortimer Menpes.

The Cornhill Magazine.

HERBERT SPENCER.

In Mr. Herbert Spencer almost the last of the great figures of the Victorian era has departed. Few men have ever more completely dominated national thought in their own lifetime. By a happy accident, he began his career at a time when the great thesis of Darwin was being propounded, and a new world seemed to open for scientific discovery. With the enthusiasm of youth, Mr. Spencer set himself to map out this new world, and with a rare fidelity he continued his labors unremittingly to the end of a long life. To marry science and abstract thought, to deduce from the isolated discoveries of departmental science a guiding principle, and to work out this principle in every domain of human activity, was the task he set himself. He was well fitted for it by the possession of a considerable scientific training and a mind extraordinarily apt at acquiring and systematizing knowledge. He was probably one of the most learned men of our time, a great polymath, whose encyclopædic learning may justly entitle him to rank with those other synthetic philosophers, Aristotle and Bacon. If in his desire for a complete system of thought there was a suggestion of the German metaphysician, in most respects he was a typical English philosopher. He was, above all things, practical, desiring to bring Philosophy into the market-place and keep her there. He was keenly interested in current politics, and resisted Socialism with all the intense dislike of State interference which characterized the mid-Victorian school of political philosophy. Taken as a whole, his life was a noble and influential one. He made popular the greatest of modern scientific truths, and he was an intellectual leader to thousands who desired some complete scheme of thought. The gravity and moderation of his argumentative methods, his high character, his fidelity to his enormous self-imposed task, were all influences of the highest value in a world which is becoming daily more disposed to judge men and things from a low material standpoint, and look askance at the self-sacrificing life of the thinker and scholar.

His work remains to this generation a very stately creation, spreading its roots far under the soil of most departments of knowledge, and sheltering the fowls of the air in its branches in the shape of a dozen minor schools of political and scientific thought. His terminology is still too much in use, and his ideas are still too familiar, for us to be able to judge him with any true perspective. How far, we wonder, will future ages value him? In a sense his work is already done. Owing more to him than to any other save its propounder, the idea of evolution has come to stay; it has been stated in comprehensible terms, and it has become an integral part of every form of thought. The task of the interpreter is over when his interpretation is accepted. We are even now revising our thoughts on evolution, and we shall probably continue to limit the

application of the doctrine. The famous definition, "the passing from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity," may come in time to be only curious. But Mr. Spencer himself was the chief protester against any narrow and formal interpretation, as when in his famous "Factors in Organic Evolution" he insisted on the inadequacy of natural selection taken by itself. He will be judged in future ages by the Synthetic Philosophy, that system which he worked out into every detail of the practical and the theoretical life. Merely to have created so huge a structure is a claim to immortality, for though every axiom and conclusion were denied, later generations might well wonder at the vitality which could carry one thinker through so many arduous paths. But every system must be judged on the qualitative as well as the quantitative side; it must not only be complete, it must be true. A laborious industry in collecting facts will not avail if the basis of the synthesis is false or inadequate. It is Mr. Spencer's chief claim on the attention of posterity that he built broad his foundations on the organic unity of the world. Partly, no doubt, as with Darwin, a biological conception, this idea of life as an organism with mutually related parts was the basis of all his departmental inquiries. From the evolution of life he passes to the evolution of consciousness, and thence to the evolution of the forms of consciousness in laws, ethics, and social institutions. Whatever fault we may find with particular applications of the conception, we must admit its fruitfulness and its high value in any synthesis of knowledge.

The chain had its weak links. Mr. Spencer was never, properly speaking, a metaphysician, and as a philosopher, in the German sense, he will probably have little influence on posterity. The old Teutonic taunt that in England a man was called a philosopher who invented mechanical toys is not without a shade of justification even in his case. Twenty years ago his influence over English speculation was not to be compared with T. H. Green's; and since then the works of Mr. Bradley, to name one instance, have attracted the best speculative minds in a way in which Mr. Spencer's metaphysics of the unknowable are powerless to do. His psychology, to take another case, is out of date, both as to methods and results, as compared with the newer psychological laboratory work of Leipsic and Harvard. Sometimes, too, his conception of the organic broke down utterly, as in his *laissez-faire* theory of the State, which Huxley well described as "administrative Nihilism." But on the whole his synthesis is consistent, rich in suggestion, and liberal in its scope. He is *par excellence* in modern history the scientific thinker, not merely because the subject-matter of his thought is scientific data, but because he shows more than most philosophers the accuracy and order of a great scientist.

No writer of the first order has less claim to distinction of style. He has none of the literary graces which make Plato and Bacon, and even Fichte and Hegel, attractive, in part at any rate, to others than professed students of philosophy. At times, however, the simple and noble character of the man appears through his level sentences with something of an old Roman dignity. Such an occasion is the preface to the "Principles of Sociology," where he recounts the difficulties of his great undertaking, and the despair with which he embarked on it:—"Doubtless in earlier days some exultation would have resulted; but as age creeps on, feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still there is satisfaction in the conscious-

ness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life." And in his latest volume of "Facts and Comments" there is a passage which shows at the best that humane philosophic temper which, while far indeed from orthodox creeds, has so profound a compassion for mankind that it is not concerned, in the face of so much uncertainty, to deny value to any sincere belief. Some sentences may be quoted as a fitting comment on Mr. Spencer's life:—"The many who are reckless even of themselves and brutally regardless of human welfare may be passed by; unless indeed some good may be done by proving that there are natural penalties which in large measure coincide with alleged supernatural penalties. On the other hand those on whom fears of eternal punishment weigh heavily, may fitly be shown that merciless as is the Cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it. Meanwhile, sympathy commands silence toward all who, suffering under the ills of life, derive comfort from their creed. While it forbids the dropping of hints that may shake their faiths, it suggests the evasion of questions which cannot be discussed without unsettling their hopes."

The Spectator.

LEIGH HUNT.*

Sir George Trevelyan, in the first of the two new volumes which bring before us with such vivid and entrancing power the men and manners of the American Revolution, describes a Tory loyalist who, seeing a work entitled *Trials for High Treason* upon a bookseller's counter at Philadelphia "asked the gentleman who kept the store whether it would not be a proper book for Mr. Adams to peruse." "Next day," adds Sir George, "the unfortunate loyalist was carted round the streets, and only escaped worse treatment on account of the meekness with which at every stopping-place on the route he thanked the crowd for their forbearance and civility." This was Leigh Hunt's father, a clergyman of the Church of England, who developed in later years into a universalist, and believed that all men would ultimately be saved. Nearly forty years afterwards, in 1813, Leigh Hunt was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for libelling the Prince Regent, which would have been an impossible feat but for the cynical rule of law before Lord Campbell's Act that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." It seems that that exemplary Prince who, after his succession to the throne, fell under the far severer lash of Praed, would have pardoned the obvious remark that he was "a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps." But he had also been called "a corpulent man of fifty," which in his own opinion was not equally obvious, and he insisted that the law should take its course. Mrs. Hunt had more sympathy with Republican principles than her husband, and brought up her son to a horror of war, especially war with the French, which he never lost. But whatever side

* "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt." Newly Edited by Roger Ingpen. Constable. 21s. net.

* "The Essays of Leigh Hunt." Edited by Arthur Symons. With illustrations by H. M Brock. Dent and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Leigh Hunt took, he always felt kindly disposed towards people who disagreed with him. When he wrote on political subjects he used strong language, and those to whom he applied it had certainly no cause of complaint which could be founded on the mildness of their own invective. In private life he was singularly amiable, and as void of resentment as if he had been an orthodox Christian who lived up to his creed. His Autobiography, by no means a masterpiece of English literature, and written, indeed, without much regard for style, has the irresistible charm of perfect kindliness, geniality, and good humor. "Every man," said Tennyson, "imputes himself," and nothing could persuade Leigh Hunt that people who seemed to him wrong-headed had mean or disreputable motives. His religion might be summed up in the lines of Coleridge:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Leigh Hunt died in 1859 at the age of seventy-four. As a young man he edited the *Examiner*, in which his libel on the Prince Regent appeared. An elegant poet and an ingenious critic, he devoted his subsequent life to forms of literature even less remunerative than journalism, and received from Lord John Russell in 1847 a pension of £200 a year from the Civil List. It was his biographical and critical notices to the works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar which prompted Macaulay's famous essay on the *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*. Harold Skimpole, in *Bleak House*, was generally supposed to be Dickens's conception of Leigh Hunt's character until, if not after, Dickens took the trouble to repudiate the theory. If Dickens had meant what he said he did not mean, he would have been grossly unfair to an upright and honorable man, whose indulgence to the faults of others was little needed for his own.

Although he did not live to any extraordinary age, Leigh Hunt could carry his memory over more than fifty years. He "saw Mr. Pitt in a blue coat, buckskin breeches and boots, and a round hat, with powder and pigtail. He was thin and gaunt, with his hat off his forehead, and his nose in the air." Hazlitt, with a reminiscence of Horace, declared that Pitt "suspended the House of Commons" on that nose. Follows inevitably the companion picture of "Mr. Fox, fat and jovial, though he was then declining. He who had been a 'beau' in his youth then looked somewhat Quaker-like as to dress, with plain colored (*sic*) clothes, a broad, round hat, white waistcoat, and, if I am not mistaken, white stockings." One is not surprised to learn that he "was making two young gentlemen laugh heartily at something he seemed to be relating." The life of Fox has still to be written, and it ought to be one of the most entertaining books in the language. Another humorist of a finer type paid a visit to Christ's Hospital while Hunt was at school there. "Lamb I recollect coming to see the boys, with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease." One taste, at least, Hunt shared with Lamb—he was from his youth a constant and enthusiastic playgoer. His description of Mrs. Jordan shows how infinitely superior she was to her royal lover, and also how Hunt himself delighted in the stage. Mrs. Jordan, "though she was neither beautiful nor handsome, nor even pretty, nor accomplished, nor 'a lady,' nor anything conventional, or *comme il faut* whatsoever, yet was so pleasant, so cordial, so natural, so full

of spirits, so healthily constituted in mind and body, had such a shapely leg withal, so charming a voice, and such a happy and happy-making expression of countenance, that"—she must have been bored to death by His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

For Shelley Leigh Hunt, like every man who really knew him, had a sincere regard as well as admiration, and he gives an amusing account of the poet's friendship with Horace Smith, of *Rejected Addresses*, a poet, too, in his way, though the way was very different from Shelley's. "Is it not odd," asked Shelley, "that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker? And he writes poetry, too, and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous." Shelley himself was generous to a fault. He gave money to a discharged servant of Lord Byron's, who had tried to murder the Countess Guiccioli's brother, because "nobody would help such an ill-looking fellow if he did not." He "would give up any pleasure," says Hunt, "to do a deed of kindness," and he "assented warmly to an opinion which I expressed in the cathedral at Pisa, while the organ was playing, that a truly Divine religion might yet be established if charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith." Such a religion might win at least a qualified support from the author of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Leigh Hunt's account of Byron, with whom, and with Shelley, he lived in Italy, is much less agreeable. "It is a credit to my noble friend (why did Hunt, like Moore, adopt this Parliamentary slang?) that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got a little wine in his head." Byron's saying that "Johnson would have awed him, he treated lords with so much respect," is amusing and characteristic. Never for a moment did Byron, Radical though he proclaimed himself, forget that he was a "lord."

"If the world is to remain always as it is," says the *Autobiography*, "give me to all eternity new talk of Coleridge and new essays of Charles Lamb." And he adds, in a note, with true critical insight, that Coleridge's poetry was "the finest of its time," "in the sense of being the most quintessential, the most purely emanating from imaginative feeling." Even Byron, who was not the best of listeners, and whose feelings for the Lake Poets are notorious, admitted the supreme excellence of Coleridge's talk. His poetry it would be mere impertinence to praise. Wordsworth's conversation was not, as is well known, his strong point. He had no humor, and his eloquence was confined to his verse. On the other hand, his eyes spoke for him. "They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes." After this it is almost startling to find that they were not in Leigh Hunt's opinion equal to Carlyle's. As a Shakespearean critic Wordsworth does not shine by the side of Keats. That incomparable line,

> The singing masons building roofs of gold,

appeared to Wordsworth faulty because it contained two present participles, just as a line of Æschylus was criticized by a modern commentator because it violated Dawes's canon. "Keats thought, on the other hand, that the repetition was in harmony with the continued note of the singers, and that Shakespeare's negligence (if negligence it was) had instinctively felt the thing in the best manner." A commentary on Shakespeare by Keats

would have been almost as precious a possession for ever as *Hyperion*, or the Ode on the Grecian Urn.

Leigh Hunt, though a charitable, was not always an appreciative, judge of public men. Canning is certainly "not a man to be treated with contempt under any circumstances by those who admire wit and rhetoric." But the last seven words might be omitted. For even if Canning had never made a speech or a joke, he would still be the most brilliant diplomatist who ever conducted the foreign affairs of England. To a man even more illustrious in letters than Canning in politics Leigh Hunt was also less than just. It may be true that between Coleridge's *Christabel* and Sir Walter Scott's "novels in verse" there is "as much difference as between a precious essence and a coarse imitation of it got up for sale." But his novels in prose are unsurpassed, if not unsurpassable, and it was beneath such a critic as Leigh Hunt to let Scott's honest, unaffected Toryism bias his own literary judgment. That he could raise himself above such prejudice in the case of Swift, who, unlike Scott, was an apostate from the Whig faith, his essay on *Rainy Day Poetry* abundantly shows. For Swift's coarseness, compared with which the grossest passages in Rabelais are harmless, he had a proper abhorrence, though he insults the father of English poetry by mentioning them in the same breath with the frank outspokenness of Chaucer. Yet there is a delicate charm in his apology for the great Dean's "idle rhymes," not, of course, to be confounded with such trenchant satire as the *Day of Judgment* or the *Legion Club*. "If he had written nothing else, there might be some color of accusation against him; though I do not see why a dean is bound to be a dull private gentleman. But if he had written nothing else, I think it may be pretty safely pronounced that he would not have written these trifles. They bear the mark of a great hand, trifling as they are. Their extravagance is that of power, not of weakness . . . What should we have done had we lost Mary the cook-maid's letter and the grand question about the barracks?" Leigh Hunt had a natural propensity towards the good points in books and men. His gentleness was part of his cleverness, and became him, for his mercy was not due to want of discrimination. "Charity never faileth," and therefore the virtue of Leigh Hunt's writing can never fail.

Herbert Paul.

The Speaker.

A MAKE-UP FOR THE NEW MELO-FARCE.

(Lord Rosebery to C.-B.)

Henry! you took my challenge like a Briton!
Full at your breast I drave my olive-dart!
At once the weapon bounded back and lit on
Your loving *Archibald's* receptive heart!

I knew we could not always keep asunder
Each to his friend's existence gravel-blind;
They said you'd disappeared—a silly blunder;
You were not lost but only gone behind

For by the bonny braes we twa were cradled,
  Alike absorbed the breath of Low-land kine,
In peaty burns identically paidled,
  And caught the pibroch squealing "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Nursed on a diet framed by *Abernethy*,
  That Spartan fare that suits the pawky Scot,
Could we allow such ties to lapse in Lethe?
  Could such cohesive links be long forgot?

Tempted we were at times, no doubt, to differ,
  For Nature built you otherwise than me;
You had a supple backbone; mine was stiffer,
  Owing to inconvenient vertebræ.

Yet what were these disputes? Scarce worthy mention
  Mere academic quarrels lightly healed,
As when—to take a case—you called attention
  To England's barbarous methods in the field.

For we were one on matters more material,
  On Tory impotence and Tory shame;
You may have been pro-Boer and I imperial,
  Yet both agreed just where to fix the blame.

And that reminds me how the time-worn cackle
  Fades out of knowledge like a broken spell—
"Pro-Boer" and "lonely plough," and "tabernacle,"
  And those old metaphors I worked so well.

And let them go! We will no longer palter
  With what concerns the country's higher good,
When in between us rises like an altar
  The oven where they bake the People's Food!

O Scot wha hae! This cry of dearer forage
  Breaks down my bosom's guard and lets you in!
One touch of fingers tampering with her porridge
  Makes all the sons of Caledonia kin!

Punch. ***Owen Seaman.***

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Stephen Gwynn is engaged upon a life of Thomas Moore for the Macmillans' series of English Men of Letters.

Helen Keller, whose essay on "Optimism" is noticed elsewhere, is to contribute a series of articles to "The Sunday Magazine" during this year.

The sixth volume of Professor John Bach MacMaster's "History of the People of the United States" is nearly ready. It deals with the period between 1822 and 1845. It is three years since the publication of the fifth volume.

The seventh of Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's monographs upon "Historic Highways of America" (The Arthur H. Clark Co.) is devoted to "Portage Paths" which he characterizes as "the keys of the continent." These are the paths across the backbone of the continent which connected the waters flowing northward into the St. Lawrence with those flowing southward, or which connected lake with lake or river with river, or furnished a pathway around rapids and waterfalls. They were used by the first explorers, La Salle, Frontenac, Champlain and the rest, by the devoted missionaries who found no paths too arduous which took them to needy souls, and by later travellers and voyagers. These ancient and narrow pathways are rich in personal and historic associations, and have at times been of great economic and military importance. Mr. Hulbert writes of them with the accuracy of a surveyor combined with the imagination of a poet; and the volume is one of the most interesting in this unique series. In the second part of it, Mr. Hulbert gives a catalogue of the chief American portages, with a chart and maps.

It is a rebuke to the querulousness with which most of us who are fully endowed meet the small perplexities and annoyances of life that the first serious literary essay of that blithe and thoughtful girl, Helen Keller, who can neither hear nor see, should be on "Optimism." She writes first of optimism, as she finds it within her own heart and mind, then of the grounds of optimism in the world without, and finally of the effect of the practice of optimism. The reader marvels not merely how she has attained such courage and cheerfulness, but where she has mastered such a style, forceful, compact, suggestive, free from exuberance or affectation. On almost every page one comes upon sentences which tempt to quotation. For example, this: "Philosophy is the history of a deaf-blind person writ large. From the talks of Socrates up through Plato, Berkeley and Kant, philosophy records the efforts of human intelligence to be free of the clogging material world and fly forth into a universe of pure idea." Or this: "I trust, and nothing that happens disturbs my trust. I recognize the beneficence of the power which we all worship as supreme,—Order, Fate, the Great Spirit, Nature, God. I recognize this power in the sun that makes all things grow and keeps life afoot. I make a friend of this indefinable force, and straightway I feel glad, brave and ready for any lot Heaven may decree for me. This is my religion of optimism." The little book, which has a portrait of the author for a frontispiece, is daintily printed at the Merrymount Press and published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

RUSTIC DEDICATIONS.

(From the Greek Anthology.)

Landlord am I, aged but cheerful, worth
Nor furrows manifold nor many a cluster;
My teasing coulter scores a patch of earth,
A rivulet of scanty grape I muster.
Little for little: give me more than that—
And, Lord, when fruits abound first-fruits are fat.

Apollonides, vi: 238.

The laboring ox, by eld and furrow spent,
In pity for his service Alcon sent
Not to the knife. In deep green forage how
He lows and loves his freedom from the plough!

Adæus Macedo, vi. 228.

This hedgepig, all shag-friezed with needle-spikes,
Looted my vineyard sweet, for grapes he likes.
The ball-shaped thief! I stalked his vintagings,
And here, to Bacchus vowed, alive he swings.

Leonidas, vi 45.
J. S. Phillimore.

The Speaker.

THE FLUTE: A PASTORAL.

From the French of José-Maria de Héredia.

Evening! A flight of pigeons in clear sky!
What wants there to allay love's fever now,
Goatherd! but that thy pipe should overflow,
While through the reeds the river murmurs by?
Here in the plane-tree's shadow where we lie
Deep grows the grass and cool. Sit and allow
The wandering goat to scale yon rocky brow
And graze at will, deaf to the weanling's cry.

My flute—a simple thing, seven oaten reeds
Glued with a little wax—sings, plains, or pleads
In accents deep or shrill as I require;
Come! thou shalt learn Silenus' sacred art,
And through this channel breathed will fierce desire
Rise, wing'd with music, from the o'erlabored heart.

H. J. C. Grierson.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FORGOTTEN SONG.

How shall we meet that have been parted long?
I have forgot the burden of the song
We sang together very long ago.
How shall we meet that used to be so dear?
I have forgot the page that was so clear
In the lost book whose name we do not know.

Have you forgotten too? You tell me, no,
But can you sing the song of long ago,
Take up the measure and complete the stave?
How strange it were if all the years that seem
To stand between us proved an empty dream
And I could give you now what then I gave!

Alas! the rose half-gathered droops and dies
And tears that fall not still may blind the eyes,
The song unfinished halts until the end.
How shall we meet that parted long ago?
I have forgot the song we used to know
And broken music none may ever mend.

Ethel Clifford.